THE

TREASURY OF WIT;

OR A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF PLEASING

LIVELY JESTS,	SMART REPARTEES,
CURIOUS ANECDOTES,	BON MOTS,
HUMOROUS TALES,	DROLL EPIGRAMS,
SINGULAR CHARACTERS,	AND FUNNY EPITAPHS.

Many of which are ORIGINAL.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

WHEREIN IS PUBLISHED

THE WONDERFUL SECRET

OF MAKING THE

PERPETUAL-BURNING LAMP:

OR

LAMP OF THE ANCIENTS:

Which burns without Assistance of Oil or Cotton.

A DISCOVERY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

PRINTED

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE flattering and ſucceſsful reception with which the PUBLIC favoured a former publication (the *Wit's Magazine*) being ſuch, that not a copy remained unſold two or three years ago; has induced the PUBLISHER thereof to attempt another COLLECTION upon the ſame approved plan.

The greateſt care has been obſerved to admit nothing that might offend or hurt the eye or ear of DELICACY:——an error too often run into by publiſhers of books of the ſame ſpecies.

Nothing is ſo congenial to the laws of civilization, as the art of rendering ourſelves agreeable in company:—and no publication affords more abundance of matter, to render ourſelves ſo, than a well ſelected one of JESTS.

The following SELECTION is entirely different from that of the *Wit's Magazine*.——Very few

articles, which are contained in the latter, are to be met with in the former; ſo the one may be accounted the firſt, and the other the ſecond part;—and, as they are of the ſame ſize, may be bound up together, in one volume.

There are a great number of original ANECDOTES, JESTS, and EPIGRAMS in the TREASURY of WIT not to be met with in any other collection;—and, upon the whole, the EDITOR preſumes to recommend it to the public, as no leſs worthy their peruſal than the *Wit's Magazine*, or any other publication of the ſame kind.

THE

TREASURY of WIT.

A Punſter going along the Strand, when a great mob of ſpectators was gathered to ſee a malefactor paſs to his execution at Charing-croſs, aſked a genteel perſon, who was ſtanding in the croud, what was the name of the fellow going to be hang'd? He anſwered, one *Vowel*.—Ah! ſaid the queriſt, do you know which of them it is, Sir; for there are ſeveral of that name? No, returned the other, I do not. "Well, ſaid the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U nor I.

It is a cuſtom with ſome ſurgeons, who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the goal, and bargain for the carcaſe with the criminal himſelf. A good honeſt fellow did ſo laſt ſeſſions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died.—The ſurgeon communicated his buſineſs, and fell into diſcourſe with a little fellow, who refuſed twelve ſhillings, and inſiſted upon fifteen for his body.

The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, "Look you, Mr Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half ſtarved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot anſwer your purpoſe. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in impriſonment; you ſee my creſt ſwells to your knife, and after Jack Ketch has done, upon my honour you'll find me as ſound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty ſhillings I am your man." Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a guinea. This witty rogue took the money, and as ſoon as he had it in his fiſt, cries, "a bite. I'm to be hung in chains."

Two boys, belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their reſpective manners of living; How often, Jack, ſays one of them, do you go to prayers?—We only pray, replied Jack, when we are afraid of a ſtorm, or are going to fight. "Aye, ſays the former, there's ſome ſenſe in that; but my maſter makes us go to prayers when there's no more occaſion for it than for me to jump into the ſea."

A gentleman, croſſing Moorfields, was followed by a middle-aged ſhabby fellow, importunately begging for ſixpence. The gentleman wondered at his odd demand, and told him he had nought for him: but the fellow walked along, repeating his entreaties—till finding no likelihood of ſucceſs—Well, Sir, ſays he, with a me-

lancholy air, I ſhall trouble you no more:—but that ſmall matter would have ſaved me from doing what I ſhall now be forced to do!—Then fetching a deep ſigh, he ſhook his head, and ſlowly moved away. The ſtrangeneſs of his words and behaviour ſtruck the gentleman; this poor creature, thought he, by want is grown deſperate, and ſhall my refuſal of ſuch a trifle drive him to extremities? With that, calling back the fellow, here, friend, is ſixpence for thee; but prithee, tell me the meaning of what you ſaid juſt now. The fellow thanked him, and pocketing the money, "Why truly maſter, replied he, I've been begging here this whole day to little purpoſe, and unleſs your charity had ſaved me from it, muſt have been forced to work, the thoughts of which gave me no ſmall diſquiet."

A Dutcheſs, hearing that a man in a high poſt, where he had an opportunity of fingering a great deal of money, had married his kept miſtreſs; "Dear me, ſaid ſhe, that fellow is always robbing the public."

At a certain battle for the Pope, a Spaniſh Cardinal came in among the ſoldiers, and adviſed them not to ſpare their lives, but to exert their utmoſt courage for the good and welfare of his holineſs; promiſing them a plenary remiſſion of all their ſins; and that thoſe that died in the battle, ſhould dine with the angels in Paradiſe. And having thus counſelled them, he retired out of the battle; which a ſoldier perceiving, cried

out, Monſieur, why will you not ſtay and dine with us in Paradiſe? To which the valiant cardinal replied, "My hour of eating is not yet come."

An impudent fellow dined ſo often at a gentleman's houſe, that he grew quite weary of him; and ſeeing him there one day, deſired dinner to be put back. The fellow, after waiting ſome time, enquired when dinner would come up.—"Truly, Sir, ſays the ſervant, not till you are gone, ſo it is but a folly for you to ſtay."

A few evenings ago, when the paſſengers got into the ſtage coach at Cobham, in the county of Surry, they found that one of the corners had been ſome time occupied by a man who ſeemed to be aſleep, with his hands folded before him, and his hat drawn over his face. The other five paſſengers, after ſome time, entered into converſation, and obſerved, that this man ſtill ſlept on, and took no notice of any thing that was either ſaid or done.—In this manner they travelled all night. In the morning, at breakfaſt time, one of his fellow-travellers civily addreſſed him, and deſired he would accompany them; but no anſwer being returned, they left him to his meditations. After breakfaſt, when the coachman had ſwallowed a glaſs or two of brandy, one of the gentlemen ſaid to him, "You have put us along with a very ſulky fellow, for he will neither enter into converſation, nor anſwer when ſpoken to." I ſhould wonder if he did, (replied the coachman), as he was hung two days ago

for horſe-ſtealing, and is now going up to a ſurgeon in London."

During a quarrel in the boxes at the Haymarket theatre, one Friday, which began a ſhort time after Othello had ſmothered Deſdemona, ſome perſon cried out fire. This not only alarmed the audience, but had ſuch an effect on Miſs Wollery, who performed Deſdemona, that ſhe inſtantly got upright in bed to ſee what was the matter; at which a wit from the gallery ſaid aloud, "Do you call this tragedy? Why, d—me, it is the farce of Dead alive!"

A Kentiſh-town ſingular circumſtance.—A ſparrow was obſerved to take poſſeſſion of the neſt of a martin, who inſtantly flew to complain of the injury, and to get proper aſſiſtance to expel the little uſurper. He returned, accompanied by near a hundred others; but the ſparrow placing himſelf in the neſt, oppoſed his bill at the entrance, and proved ſuperior to all their efforts; after ſome time, the martins flew away, and were ſuppoſed to have forſaken the charge; but very ſhortly returned, each bearing in his bill a portion of that moiſtened earth with which they build their neſts; each depoſited artfully his burden at the entrance, which was ſtill defended by the obſtinate little intruder; and thus, ſince he would not be expelled, blocked him up, and left him to periſh.

Henry VIII. of England, and Francis I. of France, were both Princes of a very warm tem-

per; and the former having a deſign of ſending an angry meſſage to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his chancellor, for the meſſenger. Sir Thomas having received his inſtructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried ſuch a meſſage to ſo violent a man as Francis, it might coſt him his head. "Never fear, man, ſaid the king, if Francis were to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power a head ſhorter." "I am much obliged to your Majeſty, replies the facetious chancellor, but I much doubt if any of their heads would fit my ſhoulders."

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life, confeſſed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confeſſion. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them conſider of it again; but ſtill they brought in their verdict, not guilty. The judge aſked them the reaſon: The foreman replied, "There is reaſon enough; for we all know him to be one of the greateſt liars in the world."

Dr King, late Archbiſhop of Dublin, having invited ſeveral perſons of diſtinction to dine with him, had, amongſt a great variety of diſhes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-ſauce; but the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had ſome of the above-mentioned pickles reſerved dry for his uſe; which, as he was mincing, he called

aloud to the company to obſerve him:—"I here preſent you, my lords and gentlemen, ſaid he, with a ſight that may henceforward ſerve you to talk of as ſomething curious, viz. That you ſaw an Archbiſhop of Dublin, at fourſcore and ſeven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher."

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being aſked, where her huſband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conſpiracy; reſolutely anſwered, "She had hid him." This confeſſion drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her diſcovering where her lord was concealed, could ſave her from the torture. "And will that do?" ſays the lady. Yes, ſays the king, I give you my word for it. "Then, ſays ſhe, I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him." Which ſurpriſing anſwer charmed her enemies.

A dragoon was ſhot in Dublin for deſertion, and taking away his horſe and accoutrements at the ſame time. When on his trial, an officer aſked him what could induce him to take his horſe away? To which he replied, "he ran away with me."—"What (ſaid the officer) did you do with the money you ſold him for?"—"That, pleaſe your honour (ſaid the fellow, with the utmoſt indifference) ran away too."

A country couſin of the late celebrated ſatiriſt Mr Churchill, coming to town in the ſummer time, he took her to Weſtminſter abbey, to ſhew her the tombs, and from thence to both houſes

of parliament; and when they were in the houſe of commons, he ſaid to her, "This is St Stephen's chapel." "Lard! couſin, ſaid ſhe, it is not like a chapel." "Not much, replied Churchill, but it is very like the temple at Jeruſalem in our Saviour's time:" "Aye, ſaid ſhe, was the temple built in this manner?" "No, replied he, the ſimilitude is not in the building, but in the ſervice performed in it; for this chapel, like the Jews' temple, is not ſo much a houſe of prayer, as a place of marketing, jobbing, cheating, buying, ſelling, and money-changing." "Lard bleſs me! (ſaid ſhe) what! do they buy and ſell in it?" "Yes, ſaid he, they buy places and penſions, and ſell their conſciences and their country."

An Italian Biſhop ſtruggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much oppoſition in diſcharge of his epiſcopal function, without ever betraying the leaſt impatience.—An intimate friend of his, who admired thoſe virtues which he thought it impoſſible to imitate, one day aſked the Prelate if he could communicate the ſecret of being always eaſy? "Yes, replied the old man, I can teach you my ſecret, and with great facility; it conſiſts in nothing more than making a right uſe of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himſelf. "Moſt willingly, returned the Biſhop: In whatever ſtate I am, I firſt of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal buſineſs here is to prepare for my journey there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how ſmall a ſpace I ſhall occupy in it when I come to be in-

terred; I then look abroad into the world, and obſerve what multitudes there are who, in all reſpects, are more unhappy than myſelf. Thus I learn where true happineſs is placed, where all our cares muſt end, and how very little reaſon I have to repine or complain."

A late executioner, who had a dreſſy wife, ſent her on buſineſs to the Sheriff, who being out, Mrs Ketch was introduced to his lady; but Mrs Sheriff being informed who ſhe was, ſaid with great warmth to her ſervant, "How dare you let the hangman's wife into my preſence?" You do me too much honour, Madam, ſaid Mrs Ketch, *you* are the hangman's wife; *I* am only ſpouſe to his deputy.

Dr Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a cuſtom of ringing his ſcholars to prayers in the ſchool-room at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was ſtifling a laugh as well as he could, which aroſe from ſeeing a rat deſcending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter, which ſet the others a going when he pointed to the cauſe Sheridan was ſo provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoiſted, and his poſteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty ſchoolmaſter told him, if he ſaid any thing tolerable on the occaſion, as he

looked on him as the greateſt dunce in his ſchool, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little heſitation, addreſſed his maſter with the following beautiful diſtich:

There was a rat—for want of ſtairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan inſtantly dropped the rod, and, inſtead of a whipping, gave him half a crown.

The preſent Lord O—— being under the correction of his ſchool-maſter, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod: "One of your anceſtors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a tranſlation of Pliny—but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but miſchief, nor tranſlate any thing but an idle boy into a fooliſh man: ſo that, inſtead of myrtle, you ſhall be honoured with birch."

A poor woman, who had ſeen better days, underſtanding from ſome of her acquaintance, that Dr Goldſmith had ſtudied phyſic, and hearing of his great humanity, ſolicited him in a letter to ſend her ſomething for her huſband, who had loſt his appetite, and was reduced to a moſt melancholy ſtate by continual anguiſh. The good-natured poet waited on her inſtantly, and after ſome diſcourſe with his patient, found him ſinking faſt into that worſt of ſickneſs, poverty. The doctor told them they ſhould hear from him in an hour, when he would ſend ſome pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label:—"Theſe

muſt be uſed as your neceſſities require; be patient, and of good heart."—He ſent his ſervant with this preſcription to the comfortleſs mourner, who found it contained a remedy ſuperior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could adminiſter for his relief.

Two friends, who had not ſeen each other for a long while, met one day by accident. How do you do, ſays one? "So ſo," replies the other; "and yet I was married ſince you and I were together."—That is good news.—"Not very good—for it was my lot to chuſe a termagant." It is a pity.—"I hardly think it ſo—for ſhe brought me two thouſand pounds."—Well, there is comfort.—"Not ſo much, for with her fortune I purchaſed a quantity of ſheep, and they are all dead of the rot."—That is indeed diſtreſſing—"Not ſo diſtreſſing as you may imagine—for by the ſale of their ſkins I got more than the ſheep coſt me." In that caſe you are indemnified—"By no means—for my houſe and all my money have been deſtroyed by fire."——Alas! this was a dreadful misfortune!—"Faith not ſo dreadful, for my termagant wife and my houſe were burned together."

The late David Hume, Eſq. lived in the new town of Edinburgh; between which and the old town there is a communication, by means of an elegant bridge over a ſwamp. Deſirous one day to cut his way ſhorter, Mr Hume took it in his head to paſs over a temporary one, which had been erected for general accommodation, till the

new one could be completed. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our illuſtrious philoſopher found himſelf ſtuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for aſſiſtance, an old woman haſtened to the ſpot, from whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue; but perceiving who he was, refuſed giving him any help. "What, cried ſhe, are you not Hume the Atheiſt?" Oh! no! no! no! returned the philoſopher, I am no Atheiſt; indeed you miſtake, good woman, you do indeed! "Let me hear then, returned the other, if you can ſay your belief."—Mr Hume accordingly began the words, "I believe in God, &c." and finiſhed them with ſo much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Chriſtian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwiſe ſhe would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

Few men would ſucceed in their gallantries, if the women were always to conduct themſelves with the prudence of the lady, who being urged by her lover to conſent to his happineſs, anſwered him as follows: "When I was about to be married, I took the advice of my parents—Now that I am married, I obey my huſband:—Go, therefore, to him; make your propoſal, and if he conſent, be aſſured that I ſhall have no objection."

A few days after the late Lord L—— married the buxom Miſs H he found it neceſſary to withdraw from the buſineſs of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the ſecret, he

procured a ſubpœna to be ſent him to attend as an evidence at ſome of the courts in London; which, ſhewing her, he took leave with ſeeming regret, and ſet forward on his journey, and was abſent about a month. A few days after his return home, the ſaid nobleman and his lady were looking out at a window at their cows grazing in a field adjoining: "My dear, ſaid he, what is become of the bull which uſed to be ſo briſk amongſt the cows here?" "Oh! child, ſays ſhe, he's ſubpœna'd, I ſuppoſe, to the other end of the field."

Otway had an intimate friend, who was murdered in the ſtreet. His feelings muſt be great, who could ſo nobly deſcribe affection in his Venice Preſerved. He purſued the murderer on foot, who fled to France, as far as Dover, where Otway was ſeized with a fever, occaſioned by the fatigue, which afterwards carried him to his grave in London.—This anecdote, though melancholy enough, muſt be a relief to thoſe who have read Otway's life, prefixed to his works, which aſſerts poſitively, that he died in want and great diſtreſs.

Mr Gray, the celebrated author of the Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, being in London before his promotion to the profeſſorſhip of Modern Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Cambridge; and when his circumſtances were ſo crampt, that he could indulge himſelf in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private ſale of books, in which the lots were very large: among the reſt, there was a very elegant book-caſe, filled

with a well-chosen collection of the best French classics, handsomely bound, the price 100 guineas. Mr Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the amiable Dutchess of Northumberland, who knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was. She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring she bought the book-case and its contents, and sent it to Mr Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing, that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgment for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading *The Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.*

A poor hen-pecked and half-starved taylor dying, made the best of his way to the mansion of happiness, and knocking at the gate, was asked by the Porter, who was there? and being answered, a poor taylor, it was enquired, if he had been in purgatory? He answered, no; but I have been married: "O, said the Porter, that's all the "same, come in."

THE following particulars are related of a singular character, one Heidegger, a native of Zurich, Master of the Revels, and Chief Manager of the Opera-House, in the late King's reign.

As to his person, tho' he was tall and well made, it was uncommonly disagreeable, owing to an ugly face, scarcely human. He was the first to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield, that within a

certain given time, his Lordſhip would not be able to produce ſo hideous a face in all London. The time elapſed; Heidegger won the wager. Our readers will not be ſurpriſed to hear, that the King condeſcended to requeſt him to ſit for his picture: but in vain, though the nobility, who were moſt intimate with him, and all his beſt patrons, urged the indecency of the refuſal. This obſtinacy gave riſe to a very laughable adventure.

The late facetious Duke of Montagu (the memorable author of the Bottle-conjuror at the theatre in the Hay-market) gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, Temple-bar, to ſeveral of the nobility and gentry, ſelecting the moſt convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and, in a few hours after dinner, was made ſo drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid inſenſible upon a bed. A profound ſleep enſued: when the late Mrs Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaſter of Paris. From this a maſk was made; and a few days before the next maſquerade (at which the King promiſed to be preſent, with the Counteſs of Yarmouth) the Duke made application to Heidegger's *Valet-de-chambre*, to know what ſuit of cloaths he was likely to wear; and then procuring a ſimilar dreſs, and a perſon of the ſame ſtature, he gave him his inſtructions.

On the evening of the maſquerade, as ſoon as his Majeſty was ſeated (who was always known by the Conductor of the entertainment, and the Officers of the court, tho' concealed by his dreſs from the company) Heidegger, as uſual, ordered

the muſic to play *God ſave the King*: but his back was no ſooner turned, than the falſe Heidegger ordered them to ſtrike up *Charley over the Water*. The whole company was inſtantly thunderſtruck; and all the Courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into ſtupid conſternation. Heidegger flew into the muſic-gallery, ſwore, ſtamped, and raved, accuſed the muſicians of drunkenneſs, or of being ſet on by ſome ſecret enemy to ruin him. The King and the Counteſs laughed ſo immoderately, that they hazarded a diſcovery. While Heidegger ſtaid in the gallery, *God ſave the King* was the tune; but when, after ſetting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing-rooms, to obſerve if decorum was kept by the company, the Counterfeit ſtepping forward, juſt in front of the muſic-gallery, called out in a moſt audible voice, imitating Heidegger, damned them for blockheads,—had he not juſt told them to play *Charley over the Water?* A pauſe enſued: the Muſicians, who knew his character, in their turn thought him either drunk or mad; but, as he continued his vociferation, *Charley* was played again. At this repetition of the ſuppoſed affront, ſome of the Officers of the guards, who always attended upon theſe occaſions, were for aſcending the gallery, and kicking the Muſicians out; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himſelf, interpoſed. The company was thrown into great confuſion. "Shame! Shame!" reſounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montagu, artfully addreſſing

himſelf to him, told him the King was in a violent paſſion; that his beſt way was to go inſtantly and make an apology, for certainly the muſic were mad, and afterwards to diſcharge them,

Almoſt at the ſame inſtant, he ordered the falſe Heidegger to do the ſame. The ſcene now became truly comic in the circle before the King. Heidegger had no ſooner made a genteel apology for the inſolence of his Muſicians, but the falſe Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, cried out, "Indeed, Sire, it was not my fault, but "that devil's in my likeneſs." Poor Heidegger turned round, ſtared, ſtaggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The Duke then humanely whiſpered in his ear the ſum of his plot, and the Counterfeit was ordered to take off his maſk. Here ended the frolick; but Heidegger ſwore he would never attend any public amuſement, if that witch, the wax-work woman, did not break the mould, and melt down the maſk before his face.

A citizen was ſaying in company, that he had never ſeen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then preſent, whoſe name was Miſs Rye, ſaid (at the ſame time ſhewing him one of her *ears*) "here, "Sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you pleaſe, you "may behold." The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch; now, madam, ſaid he, "you have a *wry* face too."

To ſhow what great events ſpring from trivial cauſes, it may be obſerved, that the Public are indebted to a moſt trifling incident for the greateſt part of Mr Guy's (the founder of the Hoſ-

pital that goes by his name) immenſe fortune being applied to charitable uſes. Guy had a maid-ſervant, whom he agreed to marry; and, preparatory to his nuptials, he had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended, ſo far as a particular ſtone which he had marked. The maid, while her maſter was out, innocently looking on the paviours at work, ſaw a broken place they had not repaired, and mentioned it to them; but they told her that Mr Guy had directed them not to go ſo far. "Well," ſays ſhe, "do you mend it; tell him I bid you, I know he will not be angry." It happened however that the poor girl preſumed too far over her wary lover, with whom the charge of a few ſhillings extraordinary turned the ſcale entirely againſt her; for Guy, enraged to find his orders exceeded, renounced the matrimonial ſcheme, and built hoſpitals in his old age.

The mildneſs of Sir Iſaac Newton's temper, through the courſe of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one inſtance perhaps more than the following: Sir Iſaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his ſtudy into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Iſaac returned, having been abſent a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among ſome papers, the nearly finiſhed labour of many years was in flames, and almoſt conſumed to aſhes. The loſs, as Sir Iſaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable;

yet, without once ſtriking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, "Oh! Dia-"mond! Diamond! thou little knoweſt the "miſchief thou haſt done!"

There is, in a certain dioceſe of this nation, a living worth about ſix hundred pounds a year. This and two or three more preferments, maintain the Doctor in becoming *eaſe* and *corpulency*. He keeps a chariot in town, and a journeyman in the country; and his curate and his coach-horſes are his *equal drudges*, ſaving that the *four-legged cattle* are beter fed, and have *ſleeker caſſocks* than his *ſpiritual dray-horſe*. The Doctor goes down once a year, to *ſheer his flock*, and fill his pockets, or, in other words, to receive *the wages of his embaſſy*; and then, ſomtimes in an afternoon, if his belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchſafes to mount the pulpit, and to inſtruct his people in the greatneſs of his character and dullneſs. This compoſes the whole pariſh to reſt; but the Doctor one day denouncing himſelf *the Lord's Ambaſſador* with greater fire and loudneſs than could have been reaſonably expected from *him*, it rouſed a clown of the congregation, who waked his next neighbour, with "Doſt hear, *Tom*, doſt hear?" 'Aye,' ſays *Tom*, yawning, 'what does he ſay?' "Say!" anſwered the other, "he ſays a plaguy lye, to be ſure; he ſays as how he is *my Lord's Humbaſſandor*; but I think he is more rather *the Lord's Receiver-general*, for he never comes but to take money."—Six hundred pounds a year, is, *modeſtly ſpeaking*, a competent fee for lulling the largeſt congregation in *Eng-*

land aſleep once in a twelvemonth. Such tithes are the *price of napping*; and ſuch odds there are between a *curtain-lecture* and a *cuſhion-lecture*.

The whimſical and immortal author of Triſtram Shandy was married to Mrs Sterne on a Saturday morning. His pariſhioners had timely information of this circumſtance; and knowing he would preach the next morning at his pariſh-church, and deſirous, at the ſame time, of ſeeing the bride, they aſſembled in ſuch crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected made her appearance; and the country folks indulged themſelves with uſual obſervations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit. Here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their aſtoniſhment, to be the following: "We have toiled all night, and have caught no fiſh." The congregation looked at each other: ſome ſmiled, others ſtopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing; while the old folks wore very ſerious faces, and thought the humouriſt a very odd ſort of a man for a pulpit-lecturer: however, they attended to his diſcourſe, which turned out, as uſual, very inſtructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs Sterne, who bluſhed down to her fingers ends, every ſtep of the way to her houſe.

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a ſevere battle,

which laſted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the Britiſh troops, a veteran ſoldier, exceſſively fatigued, was reſting on his arms and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, aſked him why he looked ſo dull?—" Dull, " your Honour, I am not dull; I am only think- " ing what a damned hard day's work I have " done for a groat."

The famous Judge Jeffries was notable at confounding and browbeating witneſſes, as they call it, eſpecially when their teſtimonies were not agreeable to him. An old reverend man, with a great beard, was giving evidence before him, when Jeffries, in hopes to put him out of countenance, ſaid, " If that fellow's conſcience is as long as " his beard, he will ſwear what he pleaſes." The witneſs, taking hold of his beard, gravely replied, ' Nay, my Lord, if you meaſure conſcience by ' beards, your Lordſhip has none at all.'

One day, as Dr Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two Ladies (one of whom he afterwards married) the ſervant came to acquaint him a Gentleman wiſhed to ſpeak with him. " Tell him, ſays the Doctor, " I am too happily engaged to change my ſitua- " tion!" The Ladies inſiſted upon it he ſhould go, as his viſitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as perſuaſion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding reſiſtance vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expreſſive manner, for which

he was ſo remarkable, ſpoke the following lines:

" Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,
" And thus diſputed orders ſent from heav'n:
" Like him I go, but to go am loth;
" Like him I go, for Angels drove us both:
" Hard was his fate, but mine ſtill more unkind;
" His Eve went with him, but mine ſtays behind."

An old lady meeting a Cambridge ſtudent, aſked him, how her nephew behaved himſelf? " Truly, madam, ſays he, he's a brave fellow, " and ſticks cloſe to Catherine-Hall," (the name of a college there.) ' I vow, ſaid ſhe, I feared ' as much; he had always a hankering after the ' wenches from a boy.'

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-will to a certain phyſician, was rallying him one day about the inefficacy of his preſcriptions. To which the doctor replied, " He defied any of " his patients to find fault with him."—' I be-' lieve you, replied the witty Earl,—for they are ' all dead!'

Johnſon being one evening at a tavern-club, ſeated at the upper end of the table amongſt his ingenious ſons, and talking eternal poetry, was often interrupted by a country gentleman, who would permit no other diſcourſe to paſs about but what tended to tillage and huſbandry; what rich paſture ground was in his country, the price of corn and cure of cattle; which ſo incenſed Johnſon, that he could forbear no longer, but let fly at him in this language: " Thou clod, why

" doſt thou mingle thy dirty diſcourſe with our " ſublime fancies? I tell thee, for every acre thou " haſt of land, I have ten acres of wit." ' Have ' you ſo, Sir, replied the gentleman, I cry you ' mercy, good Mr Wiſe Acres!' Johnſon was ſo highly taken with the jeſt, that he ſwore he was never ſo pricked by a hobnail in all his life before.

When Colonel Harcourt arrived at Kildare, as governor of that place, the officers told him they hoped he would give a ball to the ladies. " Ladies! ſays he, ay, ay, I'll give them a ball; " —but it ſhall be a ball of worſted to mend " their ſtockings."

An old bawd being carried before Juſtice M—s, for keeping a diſorderly houſe, ſtrongly denied all that was charged upon her. " Houſewife, " Houſewife! ſaid the juſtice, how have you " the aſſurance to deny it: you do keep a baw- " dy-houſe, and I will maintain it " ' Will you? ' replied the old lady, the Lord bleſs you! I al- ' ways heard you were a kind-hearted gentleman.'

Lady ——— ſpoke to the butler to be ſaving of an excellent tun of ſmall beer, and aſked him how it might be preſerved? " I know of no me- " thod ſo effectual, my lady, ſays the butler, as " placing a barrel of good ale by it."

Doctor Hough, ſome time ſince Biſhop of Worceſter, who was as remarkable for the even- neſs of his temper, as for many other good qua- lities, having a good deal of company at his houſe,

a gentleman preſent deſired his Lordſhip to ſhew him a curious weather-glaſs which the Biſhop had lately purchaſed, and which coſt him above thirty guineas. The ſervant was accordingly deſired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidently let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company was a little deranged by the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear "Sir," ſays the Biſhop, ſmiling, "I think it is "rather a lucky omen: we have hitherto had a "dry ſeaſon; and I hope we ſhall have ſome rain, "for I proteſt I do not remember ever to have "ſeen the glaſs ſo *low*."

The following laughable adventure was related by the late Samuel Foote, Eſq. who was himſelf a witneſs to the entertaining ſcene. The late Sir Thomas Robinſon was uſually called *Long* Sir Thomas; not only from there being another perſon who bore exactly the ſame name and title, but alſo from his uncommon tallneſs, which was rendered the more conſpicuous by his being almoſt as thin as a ſkeleton. To this was added the moſt uncouth and awkward carriage that can be conceived. In ſhort, he was not much unlike the figure which is ſo finely depicted in the laſt book of that beautiful allegory, *Porſena**; he ſeemed to want nothing but the ſcythe, to make his reſemblance perfectly ſimilar to that deſtroyer of mankind.

The circumſtances of the Baronet being in no flouriſhing ſituation at that time, he thought a journey to Paris, where he had a Siſter married

* Vide *Dodſley's Collection.*

to a rich Financier, would be means of recruiting them He accordingly ſet out for France, but in a garb equally as uncouth and outré as his figure. He wore a brown ſcratch wig, a ſhort riding coat, together with a pair of jack-boots; and carried in his hand a poſtillion's long-laſhed whip. Thus accoutred, he arrived at the gate of the hôtel, where his Brother-in-law reſided. The Swiſs, who opened the door, bluntly told him he could not be admitted, as his Lady had company. Though the Baronet did not underſtand the language in which the prohibition was conveyed, he gueſſed the purport of it by the man's countenance; and made ſhift to utter, in broken French, *Her frere, her frere!*

The Porter, hearing this, ran to call the Groom of the Chambers, who underſtood a little Engliſh; and Sir Thomas having made known to him his affinity to the Lady of the houſe, his arrival, without any more obſtruction, was announced. As it happened to be dinner-time when this mirror of knighthood arrived, his Siſter, after cordially embracing him, placed him, habited as he was, between an Abbé and a Macaroni. He was no ſooner ſeated, than thoſe two Gentlemen, between whom he ſat, ſtruck with the oddity of his figure, dreſs, and deportment, ſtared at him with marks of the greateſt aſtoniſhment. At length the latter, unable to reſtrain his curioſity, laid down his fork*, and thus addreſſed him: "*Monſieur, ne ſeriez vous pas, par haſard, le fameux Robinſon Cruſoe, de qui on parle dans l'hiſtoire?*"

* In France, a fork and ſpoon are commonly uſed, inſtead of a knife and fork.

" Pray, Sir, are you not the famous Robinſon-" Cruſoe, of whom we read in hiſtory?" The mirth, ſo ſingular and unexpected a queſtion occaſioned, is better conceived than deſcribed.

A Weſtminſter Juſtice, taking coach in the city, and being ſet down at Young Man's coffee-houſe, Charing-croſs, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The juſtice aſked him, " If he would ſwear that the ground came to the money?" The man ſaid, " He would take his oath of it." The juſtice replied, " Friend, I am a magiſtrate;" and pulling the book out of his pocket, adminiſtered the oath, and then gave the fellow his ſixpence, ſaying, " He muſt reſerve the ſhilling to himſelf for the affidavit."

Dean Swift was invited to a gentleman's houſe, where at dinner he obſerved ſome beautiful children of his friends; and on his eagerly looking round, as if he wanted ſomething, was aſked what he would have: to which he, with too much ill-nature; if not inſolence, replied, " I am looking to ſee which is the handſomeſt footman here;" for the gentleman was remarkably deformed, and ordinary both in perſon and features. I heard a gentleman obſerve, on this ſtory being told, that he deſerved to be kicked down ſtairs, had he been the archbiſhop of Canterbury; and indeed it is ſurpriſing the gentleman had not ſpirit enough to do it.

The moſt wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following: Milton, that

glory of Britiſh literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of Paradiſe Loſt; yet Mr Hoyle, author of the Treatiſe on the game of Whiſt, after having diſpoſed of all the firſt impreſſion, ſold the copy to the Bookſeller for two hundred guineas.

Mr Pitt, (afterwards Earl of Chatham) in a debate with Lord Holland, took occaſion, with great aſperity, to ſay, that nature had played in his countenance the ſigns of a black and treacherous ſoul, and noticed the pent-houſe of his ſullen eye-brows, his hard unſocial front, and dark unbluſhing cheeks. On this Lord Holland aroſe, and complained bitterly of the perſonal abuſe, alledged that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himſelf; and, turning round to Mr Pitt, the honourable gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look?——Mr Pitt ſtarting up, replied, "The honourable gentleman aſks me how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought, if he could; I would have him look as he cannot, if he would; I would have him look like an honeſt man"——This ſevere retort threw his antagoniſt into ſilent and unconquerable confuſion.

Dr P——, an Iriſh parſon, and a remarkable ordinary man in his perſon, having a neat parſonage-houſe very curiouſly furniſhed, was one day ſhewing it to Dr Berkley, the celebrated Biſhop of Cloyne. "Well, my lord," ſays the Doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, "you ſee what a nice marriage-trap I

have got here." "Why yes, Doctor," ſays the Biſhop, looking him full in the face, "I ſee you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will reliſh the bait."

Dr Johnſon being one night at Drury-lane theatre to ſee Mr Garrick play Macbeth, in one of the moſt intereſting ſcenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he ſat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of faſhion, who inſiſted on having a place, tho' none was kept for him: the diſturbance continued until the end of the act, when the Doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried,—"Pſhaw, Sir, how can you be ſo miſtaken? Your place is in the ſhilling gallery."

A highwayman and a chimney-ſweeper were condemned to be hanged the ſame day at Tyburn, the firſt for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dreſſed in ſcarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-ſweeper followed him ſlowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive, and the other approached near to his fellow-ſufferer to partake of the ſame benefit, but met with a repulſive look from his companion, which kept him at ſome diſtance. But forgetting this angry warning, he preſumed ſtill to come nearer, when the highwayman, with ſome diſdain, ſaid, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir (replied Sweep) I won't keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much right to be here as you."

A lady, in an advanced age, and declining ſtate of health, went lately by the advice of her phyſician, to take lodgings at Iſlington. She agreed for a ſuit of rooms, and coming down ſtairs, obſerved the banniſters were much out of repair: theſe, ſhe ſaid, muſt be mended before ſhe could think of coming to live there." "Madam, replied the landlady, that will anſwer no purpoſe, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, are continually breaking the banniſters." The old lady was ſo ſhocked at this funeral intelligence, that ſhe immediately declined all thoughts of occupying the apartments.

A law-ſuit aroſe in an univerſity, upon the point, Whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine ſhould hold the precedence? The judge aſked the council, Whether it was uſual for the thief or the hangman to walk firſt at an execution? Being anſwered that the thief always walked firſt. "Then, ſaid the judge, let the doctors in law have the precedence; and let the doctors in medicine be next in rank.

It was obſerved that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. I will lay a wager, ſays a wag, I get an invitation from him. The wager being accepted, he goes, the next day to this rich man's houſe, about the time that he was known to ſit down to dinner, and tells the ſervant that he muſt ſpeak with his maſter immediately; for that he can ſave him a thouſand pounds. "Sir, ſays the ſervant to his maſter, here is a man in a great hurry to ſpeak

with you, who ſays he can ſave you a thouſand pounds." Out comes his maſter. "What is that you ſay, Sir? That you can ſave me a thouſand pounds?"—Yes, Sir, I can, but [illegible] are at dinner. I will go and dine and call again. "Oh, pray Sir, come in and take a dinner with me."—Sir, I ſhall be troubleſome. "Not at all" The invitation was accepted; and dinner being over, and the family retired. "Well, Sir, ſays the man of the houſe, now to our buſineſs. Pray let me know how I am to ſave this thouſand pounds." "Why, Sir, ſaid the other, I hear you have a daughter to diſpoſe of in marriage." I have. "And that you intend to portion her with ten thouſand pounds." I do ſo. "Why then, Sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thouſand."

A blackſmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peaſants of the place joined together, and begged the Alcalde that the blackſmith might not ſuffer, becauſe he was neceſſary to the place, which could not do without a blackſmith to ſhoe horſes, mend wheels, &c. But the the Alcalde ſaid, How then can I fulfil juſtice? A labourer anſwered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for ſo ſmall a place one is enough, hang the other."

Every circumſtance relative to a diſtinguiſhed character ought to be preſerved. That Shakeſpeare was of an amorous conſtitution, has been repeatedly told us; but as to particular connexions

with the fair, we are almoſt wholly in the dark. The following adventure is authentic, and, we believe, new to the world: one evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the poet obſerved a ſmart damſel trip behind the ſcenes, and ſlily whiſper to Burbidge (a favourite Player, and an intimate of Shakeſpeare, who was to perform the part of Richard, that her maſter had gone out of town in the morning; that her miſtreſs would be glad of his company after the play, and that ſhe begged to know what ſignal he would uſe? "Three taps on the door, my dear, and *'Tis "I Richard the Third,*" was the anſwer of Burbidge. The girl decamped; and Shakeſpeare, whoſe curioſity was ſufficiently excited, followed her ſteps till he ſaw her enter a houſe in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the manſion was a wealthy merchant, but ſuperannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the Poet, having given the appointed ſignal, &c. obtained inſtant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the Lady when ſhe found herſelf in the arms of a ſtranger. He flattered and vowed; ſhe frowned and ſtormed: but it was not in woman to reſiſt the ſoft eloquence of a Shakeſpeare. In a word, the Bard ſupplanted the Player. He had even attained the ſummit of bliſs, before the repreſentative of Richard appeared. No ſooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakeſpeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his buſineſs: 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'Richard the Third,' replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard! rejoined the other: Knave

" begone! Know that William the Conqueror " reigned before Richard the Third."

The following inſtance of the love of money, and meanneſs, has not perhaps its parallel in the whole circle of the peerage. Within a fortnight after Lord Taviſtock's death, the venerable Gertrude had a rout at Bedford Houſe. The good Duke (who had only ſixty thouſand pounds a year) ordered an inventory to be taken of his Son's wearing apparel, down to his ſlippers, ſold them all, and put the money in his pocket. The amiable Marchioneſs, ſhocked at ſuch brutal, unfeeling avarice, gave the value of the cloaths to the Marquiſs' ſervant, out of her own purſe. That incomparable woman did not long ſurvive her huſband. When ſhe died, the Dutcheſs of Bedford treated her as the Duke treated his only Son: ſhe ordered every gown and trinket to be ſold, and pocketed the money.

This inglorious Nobleman was horſe-whipped in the moſt exemplary manner on the courſe at Litchfield, by Mr Humphry, a country Attorney. This gave riſe to the following ſtory. When the late King heard that Sir Edward Hawke had given the French a *drubbing* (an expreſſion made uſe of by the Admiral in his letter), his Majeſty, who had never received that kind of chaſtiſement, was pleaſed to aſk Lord Cheſterfield the meaning of the word. " Sir," ſays Lord Cheſterfield, " the meaning of the word—But here comes the " Duke of Bedford, who is better able to explain " it to your Majeſty than I am."

Major Bernardi informs us, that, after the fatal battle of Worceſter, Charles II. arrived at the late Sir George Norton's houſe, near Briſtol; that he went into the kitchen, by the advice of his ſuppoſed miſtreſs (Mrs Lane, who was aiding in his eſcape) the better to conceal himſelf, that, as he was ſtanding by the fire-ſide, near the jack, the cook-maid deſired him to wind it up; and he fumbling until the ſpit ſtood ſtill, the maid ſtruck him, and calling him a blockhead, aſked, "Where the devil he had lived, that he had not learned to wind up a jack?" The king modeſtly anſwered her, with a bluſh, "that he was a poor tradeſman's ſon, and had not been long in his lady's ſervice."

The riſe of Prince Menzikoff, from a low condition, was owing to his being inſtrumental in ſaving the life of Czar Peter I. Menzikoff was born of gentle, but very poor parents; and they dying, left him very young, without any education, inſomuch that he could neither read nor write; nor ever did he to the day of his death. His poverty obliged him to ſeek ſervice in Moſcow, where he was taken into the houſe of a paſtry-cook, who employed him in crying minced pyes about the ſtreets; and having a good voice, he alſo ſung ballads; whereby he was ſo generally known, that he had acceſs into all the gentlemen's houſes. The Czar, by invitation, was to dine one day at a boyar's, or lord's houſe; and Menzikoff, happening to be in the kitchen that day, obſerved the boyar giving directions to his cook about a diſh of meat he ſaid the Czar

was fond of, and took notice that the Boyar himſelf put ſome kind of powder in it, by way of ſpice. Taking particular notice what meat that diſh was compoſed of, he took himſelf away to ſing his ballads, and kept ſauntering in the ſtreet till the Czar arrived; when exalting his voice, his Majeſty took notice of it, ſent for him, and aſked him if he would ſell his baſket with the pyes? The boy replied, he had power only to ſell the pyes; as for the baſket, he muſt firſt aſk his maſter's leave; but, as every thing belonged to his Majeſty, he needed only to lay his commands upon him. This reply pleaſed the Czar ſo much, that he ordered Alexander to ſtay and attend him, which he obeyed with great joy. Menzikoff waited behind the Czar's chair at dinner, and, ſeeing the before-mentioned diſh ſerved up and placed before him, in a whiſper begged his Majeſty not to eat thereof. The Czar went into another room with the boy, and aſked his reaſon for what he had whiſpered to him; when he informed his Majeſty what he had obſerved in the kitchen; and the Boyar's putting in the powder himſelf, without the cooks perceiving him, made him ſuſpect that diſh in particular; he therefore thought it his duty to put his Majeſty upon his guard. The Czar returned to table without the leaſt diſcompoſure in his countenance, and with his uſual chearfulneſs: the Boyar recommended this diſh to him, ſaying it was very good: the Czar ordered the Boyar to ſit down by him, (for it is a cuſtom in Moſcow for the maſter of the houſe to wait at table when he entertains his friends) and, putting ſome

of it on a plate, desired him to eat, and show him a good example. The Boyar, with the utmost confusion, replied, "That it did not become the servant to eat with the master: whereupon the plate was set down to a dog, who soon dispatched its contents, which, in a very short time, threw him into convulsions, and soon deprived him of life: the dog being opened, the effects of the poison were clearly discovered; and the Boyar was immediately secured, but was found next morning dead in his bed; which prevented all farther discovery.

Menzikoff's remarkable introduction soon gained him credit and confidence with his Royal Master; which, from being one of the meanest and poor, raised him to be one of the richest subjects in the Russian empire: he was not only dignified with the title of a Prince in Russia, but also declared a Prince of the Roman Empire.

The activity and hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden, are well known; he was on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions he met with a very singular adventure. Accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and thus accoutred, marches to the next

ion, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the ſtable, he there found a horſe entirely to his mind; therefore, without further ceremony, he claps on his ſaddle and houſing, with great compoſure, and was juſt going to mount. When the gentleman, who owned the horſe, was informed of the matter, he aſked the king, bluntly, how he came to meddle with his horſe, having never ſeen him before? Charles eaſily replied, ſqueezing his lips, as was his way, he took the horſe becauſe he wanted one. 'For you ſee,' continued he, 'if I have none, I muſt be obliged to carry the ſaddle myſelf.' This anſwer did not ſatisfy the gentleman, who inſtantly drew his ſword: in that the king was not much behind hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards, now come up, teſtified that ſurpriſe which is natural at ſeeing arms in the hands of a ſubject againſt the king, the gentleman was not leſs ſurpriſed than they, at this undeſigned inſult upon majeſty. His aſtoniſhment, however, was ſoon diſſipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and aſſured him he ſhould be provided for. He was not worſe than his word. The gentleman was afterwards promoted to a conſiderable command in the army.

The Marquis of Graham's bill, relative to the Scotch dreſs, would have been productive of many and very diſagreeable conſequences among that ancient people; a people of their rights tenacious to the laſt. The Highlanders, according to ſeveral learned Scotch hiſtorians, have a pre-

ſcription to ſhow their *poſteriors*, which they can trace *a poſteriori*, not only beyond the legal limits of preſcription, which goes only to that time beyond which the memory of man cannot go, but up to the Romans.

A very agreeable lady, of the name of Riggs was laſt ſeaſon at Margate, in a houſe with ſix others, and only one gentleman to attend the whole, when one regretting that they had not more of the male creation, ſays a ſprightly lady, one of the party, if we complain of not being well manned, I am ſure we are well rigged.

A phyſician, who lived in London, viſited a lady who lived at Chelſea; after continuing his viſits for ſome time, the lady expreſſed an apprehenſion, that it might be inconvenient to him to come ſo far on her account. "Oh, madam, replied the doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, I kill two birds with one ſtone."

Alexander the Great, ſeeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, aſked the philoſopher what he was looking for? "I am ſearching, ſaid Diogenes, for the bones of your father, but can't diſtinguiſh them from thoſe of his ſlaves."

A priſoner in the Fleet lately ſent to his creditor, to let him know that he had a propoſal to make, which he believed would be for their mu-

tual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it, "I have been thinking, ſaid he, that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expence of ſeven groats a-week. My being ſo chargeable to you has given me great uneaſineſs; and God knows what it may coſt you in the end. Therefore, what I would propoſe is this—you ſhall let me out of priſon, and, inſtead of ſeven groats, you ſhall allow me only eighteen pence a week, and the other ten pence ſhall go towards the diſcharge of the debt."

A perſon, who had rendered himſelf obnoxious in trade, was told of ſome of his tricks by a merchant on 'Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, ſaid, "What, Sir, do you call me a rogue?" "No, I don't call you rogue, ſaid the merchant, but I'll give you ten guineas, if you find any one here who will ſay you are an honeſt man."

A highwayman, preſenting a blunderbuſs to a gentleman in his chariot, demanded his money, with the uſual compliments; the gentleman readily ſurrendered his purſe, containing about ſixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that, for his own ſafety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by ſelling him the blunderbuſs for what he had juſt now taken from him. 'With all my heart, ſaid the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who inſtantly turned the muzzel towards him, and told him if he did not re-deliver his purſe, he would ſhoot him. 'That

you may, if you can, replyed the highwayman, for I promiſe you it is not loaded, and rode of very coolly with his booty.

One Collins was ſtopt in Red-lion ſtreet, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he had ſtole. He attempted to make his eſcape, but running into a court, through which there was no paſſage, he was taken, and lodged in Clerkenwell, Bridewell. "Damn it (ſaid he, as he entered) I have brought my hogs to a fine market."

At the theatre in Athens a venerable old man was looking about for a ſeat; which ſome young ones at a diſtance perceiving, they beckoned him to come to them, intimating they would make room for him; but when he came near them, they filled up their ſeat, and made a jeſt of him. The old man went from ſeat to ſeat, in great confuſion; being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth. But the Spartan ambaſſadors being preſent, and ſeeing his diſtreſs, roſe up, and placed him honourably in the midſt of them. The tranſaction was noticed by the whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with univerſal applauſe; whilſt the old man ſhook his head and cried, "What a pity the Athenians ſhould know what good manners are, but that the Lacedemonians only ſhould put them in practice!"

The late Dr Goldſmith, though one of the firſt characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart

perfectly harmleſs, he imagined every man he ſat in company with poſſeſſed of the ſame.—The following anecdote will place this obſervation in a proper point of view:

Sitting one evening at the Globe-tavern, Fleet-ſtreet, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no ſooner placed on the table, than a gentleman, with whom he was acquainted, turned up his noſe, and aſked how the doctor could ſuffer the waiter to place ſuch a ſtinking chop before him. "Stinking! ſays the doctor, in good troth I don't ſmell it." "I never ſmelt any thing ſo diſagreeable in my life, (ſays the gentleman) the raſcal deſerves a caning for being ſo heedleſs to bring you ſuch carrion." "In good truth (ſays the poet) I think ſo too; but I will be leſs ſevere in my puniſhment." He inſtantly called the waiter, and, after perſuading the poor fellow that the chop ſtunk worſe than aſſafoctida, he inſiſted as a puniſhment that he ſhould ſit down and eat it himſelf. The waiter argued, but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion; the doctor threatned to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the puniſhment.

When the waiter had ſwallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glaſs of wine, thinking with his uſual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the ſentence leſs painful. When the waiter had done, Goldſmith's friend burſt into a horſe laugh. "What in God's name ails you now?" ſays the poet. "Indeed my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whoſe knowledge of letters was ſo extenſive as yours, could

be ſo great a dupe to a ſtroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever ſaw in my life." "Was it? ſays the doctor, then I never ſhall give credit to what you ſay again, and ſo, in good truth, I think I am even with you."

A certain biſhop had a Biſcayan man-ſervant, whom he ordered one feſtival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat; and then to come to church, where the biſhop was to preach. The biſhop, in his ſermon, bringing authorities from the ſcripture in this manner, "Iſaiah ſays thus; Jeremiah ſays thus;" at laſt happening to turn towards the door, as his ſervant came in, went on, "and what ſays David?" Upon which the Biſcayan roared out, "He ſwears, that if you do not pay your bill, you need never ſend to his ſhop again."

The archbiſhop of Toledo, ſtanding at a window, and ſeeing a clown beat his aſs moſt unmercifully, opened the caſement, and called out, "Have done, have done, you ſcoundrel, elſe I ſhall have you whipt." The clown anſwered, "Your pardon, maſter; I did not know my aſs had friends at court."

Dr John Wilkins, a man of uncommon parts and abilities in the reign of Charles II. has been laughed at, together with his chimeras: but even theſe ſhew themſelves to be chimeras of a man of genius. Such was his attempt to ſhew the poſſibility of a voyage to the moon. In a converſation with the Ducheſs of Newcaſtle, her Grace aſked

him, " Where am I to find a place for baiting at, in the way up to that planet?"—' Madam, ſaid he, of all the people in the world, I never expected that queſtion from you, who have built ſo many caſtles in the *air*, that you may lodge every night at one of your own.'

The Spaniſh ſettlement of St Auguſtine was attacked, in the year 1747, by the Engliſh, who were obliged to raiſe the ſiege: at which time a party of Highlanders, who attempted to cover their retreat, were routed, and great numbers of them cut to pieces. A ſerjeant, being taken priſoner by the Spaniſh Indians, was reſerved for that lingering death, of roaſting by a ſlow fire, to which thoſe ſavages devoted their priſoners. This unfortunate ſoldier, when he beheld the preparations for the horrid tortures that attended him, being well acquainted with the Indian language from ſome years reſidence in Georgia, with equal plauſibility and reſolution, addreſſed the unrelenting barbarians in a ſpeech to the following purport: " Heroes and Patriarchs of the new world, you were not the enemies I ſought to meet; you have, however, gained the victory: make what uſe of it you think fit. The fate of war hath delivered me into your hands; and I diſpute not your right. But, ſince it is the cuſtom of my fellow-citizens to offer a ranſom for their lives, liſten to a propoſition which is not to be rejected. Know then, brave Americans! that in the country which gave me birth, there are certain men endowed with ſupernatural knowledge. One of theſe ſages, who was allied to me by blood, gave me,

when I became a ſoldier, a charm which was to render me invulnerable. You ſaw how I eſcaped all your darts: without that inchantment, was it poſſible I ſhould have ſurvived the many blows with which you aſſailed me? I appeal to your valour. Did I either ſeek for eaſe, or fly from danger? It is not ſo much my life that I now beg of you, as the glory of revealing a ſecret of importance to your preſervation, and of rendering the moſt valiant nation in the world immortal. Only leave me one of my hands at liberty, for the ceremonies of the inchantment: I will give you a proof of its power upon myſelf in your preſence." The Indians hearkened with avidity to a ſpeech that equally ſuited their warlike diſpoſition, and their inclinations towards the marvelous. After a ſhort deliberation, they unlooſed one of the priſoner's arms. The Scotchman requeſted, that his broad ſword ſhould be given to the moſt alert and moſt vigorous perſon in the aſſembly; and, laying bare his neck, after he had rubbed it over with magic ſigns, and muttered a few inarticulate words, he called out, with a loud voice and chearful air, "Behold ye ſage Indians, an inconteſtible evidence of my ſincerity. You, warrior, who graſp the inſtrument of death, ſtrike with your whole force; you are not only unable to ſever my head from my body, but even to pierce the ſkin of my neck!" He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when the Indian, fetching a moſt dreadful blow, made the head of the ſerjeant fly to the diſtance of twenty yards. The aſtoniſhed ſavages ſtood immoveable. They looked at the bloody carcaſe, and then caſt their eyes on themſelves, as if to re-

proach one another for their ſtupid credulity. Admiring, however, the ſtratagem employed by the ſtranger to ſhorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpſe the funeral honours of their country.

A bad painter, who never produced any thing of worth, went to another place, and commenced phyſician. A perſon who knew him, meeting him there, aſked the reaſon of his change. "Becauſe, ſaid he, if I now commit faults, the "earth covers them."

In a great ſtorm at ſea, when all expected to be caſt away, they went to prayers; in the midſt of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain aſked him, what he meant by it? "Why, "truly, ſir, ſaid he, I laugh at that man's fiery "noſe there, to think what hiſſing it will make "by and by, when it comes into the water."

As a thief was going to the gallows out of town, near Norwich, many boys ran to ſee the execution; which he ſeeing, called to them, ſaying, "Boys, you need not make ſo much haſte, "for their will be no ſport till I come."

The late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amuſing himſelf one day in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was ſo deep ſunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was juſt dug, he tumbled into it. His friend eb-

ſerving his ſituation, ran to his aſſiſtance, and as he helped him out, told him in a joeular manner, he was happy in aſſiſting at the reſurrection of genius.—Poor Chatterton ſmiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—" My dear friend! I feel the ſting of a ſpeedy diſſolution—I have been at war with the grave for ſome time, and find it is not ſo eaſy to vanquiſh it as I imagined—we can find an aſylum to hide from every creditor but that." His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adverſity combined, ſubjugate? In three days after, the neglected and diſconſolate youth put an end to his miſeries by poiſon.

Santeuil was the firſt who let fly the ſhafts of ſatire againſt the Monks. A gentleman of Provence complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk. " What, Sir," ſays Santeuil, who was preſent, " a man of your years not to know the Monks!—There are, continued he, four things in the world you ſhould always guard againſt; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the ſide of a cart, and a Monk on all ſides."

A Sultan, amuſing himſelf with walking, obſerved a Derviſe ſitting with a human ſkull in his lap: not obſerving his majeſty, the reverend old man was looking very earneſtly at the ſkull, and appeared to be in a very profound reverie. His attitude and manner ſurpriſed the Sultan, who approached him, and demanded the cauſe of his

being ſo deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," ſaid the Derviſe, "this ſkull was preſented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to diſcover whether it is the ſkull of a powerful monarch, like your majeſty, or of a poor derviſe, like myſelf."

A Negro, in the iſland of St. Chriſtopher's, had ſo cruel a maſter, that he dreaded the ſight of him. After exerciſing much tyranny among his ſlaves, the planter died, and left his ſon heir to his eſtates. Some ſhort time after his death, a gentleman meeting the Negro, aſked him how his young maſter behaved——"I ſuppoſe," ſays he, "he's a chip of the old block." "No, no," ſays the negro, "Maſſa be all block himſelf."

An old gentleman, that poſſeſſed a great reſpect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently converſed with Chatterton, at the Cyder-cellar in Maidſtone-lane, gave a looſe to his good-nature one evening, and requeſted the pleaſure of the poet's company to ſupper at his houſe.

When the cloth was removed, ſome very ſour wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praiſed extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glaſs, requeſting him at the ſame time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakeſpeare.—The inſpired youth had not finiſhed his glaſs when tears ſtood trembling in his eyes and inſtantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bleſs me! (ſays the old gentleman) you are in tears, Mr Chatterton"—'Yes, ſir, (ſays the bard)

this dead wine of yours compels me to ſhed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration.'

At the aſſize of Caernarvon, where Judge Barrington preſided, a ſimple Welchman was tried for ſome petty offence. The Judge, in an auſtere manner aſked him, 'What are you?' To which the culprit replied, in his ſhire manner, "My Lord, I "was ſell ale by the pound!" 'Eh, ſays the Judge, not hearing him diſtinctly, how do you do my friend?' "Pretty well, I thank your Lord-"ſhip, I hope you are well," replied the ruſtic, with ſuch ſimplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that laſted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordſhip was as merry as the reſt, and leaned to his caſe in ſuch a manner that he was acquitted.

The late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a ſtrong deſire of being thought ſkilful in phyſic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Cheſterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occaſion wiſhed to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having converſed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and deſired his Lordſhip to feel his pulſe. It was found to beat high, and a hint of loſing blood was given. "I have no objection; and, as I hear your Lordſhip has a maſterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, after the operation; "do you go to the houſe to day?" Lord R—— an-

ſwered, "I did not intend to go, not being ſufficiently informed of the queſtion which is to be debated; but you who have conſidered it, which ſide will you be of?"—The Earl, having gained his confidence, eaſily directed his judgment: he carried him to the houſe, and got him to vote as he pleaſed. He uſed afterwards to ſay, that none of his friends had done ſo much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

While the late Lord Chancellor Northington continued at the bar, he went the weſtern circuit; and being of lively parts, and a warm temper, he was, like ſome other lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witneſſes. An extraordinary inſtance of this kind happened at Briſtol. In a cauſe of ſome conſequence, Mr Reeve, a conſiderable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was croſs-examined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr Reeve complained of it at the time; and when the court had adjourned, and the lawyers were all together at the White-Lion, Mr Reeve ſent one of the waiters to let Mr Henley know, that a gentleman wanted to ſpeak with him in a room adjoining. As ſoon as Mr Henley had entered the room, Mr Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. 'Friend Henley, ſaid he, I cannot 'call thee; for thou haſt uſed me moſt ſcurrilouſly. Thou mighteſt think, perhaps, that a 'Quaker might be inſulted with impunity; but 'I am a man of ſpirit, and am come to demand 'and will have ſatisfaction. Here are two ſwords '—here two piſtols: chuſe thy weapons, or fight

'me at fiſt-cuffs if thou hadſt rather; for fight
'me thou ſhalt before thou leaveſt the room, or
'beg my pardon.' Mr Henley pleaded in excuſe,
"That it was nothing more than the uſual lan-
"guage of the bar; that what was ſaid in court
"ſhould not be queſtioned out of court: Law-
"yers ſometimes advanced things to ſerve their
"client, perhaps beyond the truth; but ſuch
"ſpeeches died in ſpeaking: he was ſo far from
"intending any inſult or injury, that he really
"had forgotten what he had ſaid, and hoped the
"other would not remember it: upon his word
"and honour he never meant to give him the
"leaſt offence; but if, undeſignedly, he had of-
"fended him, he was ſorry for it, and was ready
"to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman's
"ſatisfaction."—'Well, ſaid Mr Reeve, as the
'affront was public, the reparation muſt be ſo
'too. If thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon,
'thou muſt beg my pardon before the company
'in the next room.' Mr Henley, after ſome dif-
ficulty and ſome delay, ſubmitted to the condition;
and thus this fray ended. No farther notice was
taken on either ſide, till, after ſome years, the
Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to Mr Reeve, in-
forming him that ſuch a ſhip was coming into the
port of Briſtol, with a couple of pipes of Madeira
on board, conſigned to him. He therefore begged
Mr Reeve to pay the freight and duty, and to
cauſe the caſks to be put into a waggon, and ſent
to the Grainge; and he would take the firſt op-
portunity of defraying all charges, and ſhould
think himſelf infinitely obliged to him. All this
was done as deſired; and the winter following,

when Mr Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's, with ſeveral of the Nobility and Gentry. After dinner the Chancellor related the whole ſtory of his firſt acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had paſſed between them, with great good-humour and pleaſantry, and to the no ſmall diverſion of the company.

One afternoon, in the burning month of September, the Counteſs of A—d and a veteran officer were walking in that part of the demeſne next the road to Coventry; a ſmall brook ran by the road, upon a bank, beſide which ſat a wearied ſoldier, who was taking water with the ſpout of his hat from the ſtream, and drinking it. The officer inſtantly exclaimed, "There, my lady, there's an object for your benevolence! ſend your ſervant to the houſe for a cup of ſtrong beer for the poor fellow." "Good heavens, Colonel! replied her ladyſhip, do you imagine I brew my drink for travellers? You may as well aſk me why I don't put up a ſign." "And if you did, my lady, it would not diſgrace you; I mean the ſign of Charity. However, I muſt do my duty," ſays the Colonel, walking out of the gate, and giving the ſoldier half a crown. "You had always a ſoft heart, Colonel," ſaid her ladyſhip with a ſneer, on his return. "I hope, Madam, I ſhall never be ſuch a villain to myſelf, and to the world, to part with it for a hard one."

Not long before Mr Garrick left Paris, in 1765, ſeveral perſons, of the firſt diſtinction, of both

ſexes, Engliſh and French, met by appointment at the Hôtel de ——-. Mr and Mrs Garrick, and Mademoiſelle Clairon, were of the party. The converſation turned for ſome time on the Belles Lettres; in which the merits of ſeveral eminent writers were diſcuſſed with equal judgment and candor. Many critical obſervations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and Engliſh theatres; and, at the requeſt of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick conſented to exhibit various ſpecimens of their talents; which produced much entertainment. This friendly conteſt laſted a conſiderable time, with great animation on both ſides: the company loudly declared their approbation, in the ſtrongeſt terms, of the two exhibitors. It was remarked, that the French gave the preference to Mr Garrick; and that the Engliſh, with equal politeneſs, adjudged the victory to Mademoiſelle Clairon. But as the greater part of the former were but little acquainted with the Engliſh language, Mr Garrick was induced to relate a fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened in one of the provinces of France at a time he was there, and of which he had been an eye-witneſs. A father, he ſaid, was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the ſtreet; by one unlucky effort the child ſprung from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the ſpot. What followed, he ſaid, was a language which every body underſtood; for it was the language of nature. He immediately threw himſelf into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped out of his arms.

The influence which the repreſentation of the father's agony produced on ſuch a company, and exhibited by this darling ſon of nature, in the ſilent but expreſſive language of unutterable ſorrow, is eaſier to be imagined than expreſſed; let it ſuffice to ſay, that the greateſt aſtoniſhment was ſucceeded by abundant tears. As ſoon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiſelle Clairon catched Mr Garrick in her arms, and kiſſed him; then turning to Mrs Garrick, ſhe apologized for her conduct, by ſaying, it was an involuntary mark of her applauſe.

The late Duke of Ancaſter, when Lord Lindſay, went into Lincolnſhire to raiſe men for the ſervice in America. During his ſtay in that county he ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his generoſity and affability, that he gained the good will not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood; ſo captivating was his manner among the lower rank of people, that every day he made a freſh acquiſition of recruits; among the reſt, a country fellow, the only ſon of an old widow woman, from whoſe induſtry ſhe derived her ſupport, in imitation of the example of ſome of his companions, in the hour of gaiety inliſted into the ſervice: the report of it ſoon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his lordſhip, requeſting a diſcharge for her ſon, repreſenting to him her ſituation in the moſt lively colours, whilſt the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His lordſhip, with that tenderneſs peculiar to himſelf, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion: when he

had recovered himſelf, he turned, took the poor woman by the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, ſaying, "Good woman, you are poor—take this—from this moment your ſon is diſcharged—for the King, my maſter, never wiſhes to recruit his forces by oppreſſing the widow or the helpleſs."

Two Iriſh labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new ſcaffold before Newgate, one ſays to the other—"Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here, and being hanged in chains!"—'No honey, replied he, no great difference; only one about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.'

A friar preaching a very dull ſermon on happineſs, a lady, who ſaw him next day, told him he had forgot one ſort of happineſs; Happy were they who did not hear your ſermon.

A prince rallying the fatneſs of a courtier, who had ſerved him in many embaſſies, ſaid he looked like a fat ox. "I know not, ſaid the courtier, what I am like: but I know that I have often had the honour to repreſent your majeſty."

Miſs Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empreſs Catherine, wife to Peter the Great, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded ſickneſs, but Peter, being ſuſpicious, ordered his phyſician to attend her, who ſoon made the diſcovery. It alſo

appeared, that a ſenſe of ſhame had triumphed over humanity, and that the children had been put to death as ſoon as born. Peter enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady inſiſted that he was innocent, for ſhe had always deceived him, by pretending they were ſent to nurſe.—Juſtice now called upon the Emperor to puniſh the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empreſs, who pleaded for her; the amour was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter ſent her to the caſtle, and went himſelf to viſit her; and the fact being confeſſed, he pronounced her ſentence with tears; telling her that his duty, as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that juſtice which her crime had rendered indiſpenſably neceſſary, and that ſhe muſt, therefore, prepare for death. He attended her alſo to the ſcaffold, where he embraced her with the utmoſt tenderneſs, mixed with ſorrow; and ſome ſay, that when the head was ſtruck off, he took it up by the ear, whilſt the lips were ſtill trembling, and kiſſed them: a circumſtance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, conſidering the peculiarities of his character.

It is confidently aſſerted of Lady H——, that her lord having ſome very ſtrong ſuſpicions of her ladyſhip's infidelity, and even the juſt right his daughters had to call him father, her ladyſhip made this ſatisfactory declaration: "I ſolemnly declare, my lord, that you have not the leaſt reaſon to doubt of your being their father; for I proteſt, before heaven, that I never injured your bed, till *after* I was pregnant."

Sir Francis Blake Delaval, having married an extremely ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? Look ye, said he, I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for fashion.

An Irish fish-woman having been one day blooded, the apothecary told her that her blood was very bad. "By Jasus, says she, but that is a great big lye! for I was always reckoned to have the best blood of any woman in the parish."

The humane reader will feel the finest springs of his affections moved by the following anecdote, related by a Clergyman of high rank, who reveres the memory of the late Dr Fothergill, and places his obligations to him in a very trying season near to his heart. A friend of his, a man of worthy character, who has at this time an income of about one hundred pounds a year, church-preferment, was, in the earlier part of his life in London, upon a curacy of fifty pounds per annum, with a wife and a numerous family. An epidemical disease, which was at that time prevalent, seized upon his wife and five children: in this scene of distress, he looked up to the Doctor for his assistance, but dared not to apply to him, from a consciousness of his being unable to reward him for his attendance. A friend, who knew his situation, kindly offered to accompany him to the Doctor, and give him his fee. They took the advantage of his hour of audience; and after a description of the several cases, the fee was offered and rejected; but a note was taken of his place of residence.

The Doctor called aſſiduouſly the next and every ſucceeding day, till his attendance was no longer neceſſary. The Curate, anxious to return ſome grateful mark of the ſenſe he entertained of his ſervices, ſtrained every nerve to accompliſh it; but his aſtoniſhment was not to be deſcribed when, inſtead of receiving the money he offered, with apologies for his ſituation, the Doctor put *ten guineas* into his hand, deſiring him to apply to him, without diffidence, in future difficulties.

Servilius Geminus ſupping with Lucius Mellius, a famous painter at Rome, and ſeeing his children deformed, ſaid, "Mellius, you do not make as you paint."—'No, anſwered he, I make by night, but paint by day.'

Mr T—— T———d being in company ſome weeks ago with the Weſtminſter orator, and ſome other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates laſt winter in the Houſe of Commons, and obſerved that Mr F—x had never been oftener on his legs in any one ſeſſion. "True, (replied Charles, who always loves to joke on his own misfortunes) for the Jews left me not a chair to ſit on."

Mr Garrick, paſſing through a town in Yorkſhire, ſeeing the Conſtant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee, advertiſed in the town, waited that night to ſee the play. The theatre happened to be a barn, and Sir Harry Wildair, the hero of the piece, a recruiting ſerjeant, who wanted his left hand. At the opening, Mr Garrick attended, as

he thought, quite diſguiſed, but it was not the caſe; a man, who had been a candle-ſnuffer to Drury-lane, being one of the company, knew him, and communicated this knowledge to the reſt of his brethren. A council was inſtantly called in the Green-room, the reſult of which was, to return him his entrance-money. The man who found out the ſecret was deputed for that purpoſe, who accordingly came round where Mr Garrick was ſitting, and (after delivering the compliments of the gentlemen of the buſkin, in very polite terms) begged the acceptance of his eighteen-pence, as they never took any thing from a brother.

A Mr Hare breakfaſted with the celebrated Mr Fox ſome time ago, whoſe dealings with the Jews was pretty extenſive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of thoſe money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out, "Pray gentlemen, are ye *fox*-hunting or *hare*-hunting this morning?"

Counſellor Crips being on a party at Caſtle Martyr, the ſeat of the Earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a phyſician, ſtrolled out before dinner into the Church-yard. Dinner being ſerved up, and the Doctor not returned, ſome of the company were expreſſing their ſurpriſe, where he could be gone to. "Oh (ſays the counſellor) he is but juſt ſtept out to pay a viſit to ſome of his old patients."

Some time ſince, Tom King (the comedian) one of Thalia's greateſt favourites, but whoſe

cauſe the blind Goddeſs had never till now eſpouſed, meeting with a certain gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom ſoon loſt his firſt ſtake; and, with much reſignation, eat his ſupper and drank his bottle. His adverſary, however, after ſupper, propoſed to him a ſecond main, which Tom at firſt refuſed engaging in, ſaying, he had not, he believed, money enough about him to anſwer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adverſary replying, his word was ſufficient for a hundred times the ſum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thouſand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, is a very good one, had ſat up all night, as uſual, after having ſent every where in ſearch of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her inquiries were naturally very preſſing to know where he had been and what had kept him out ſo long; to all of which he made no anſwer, but by peremptorily ſaying, 'Bring me a Bible!'—"A Bible! ſhe re-echoed with ſome ejaculation, I hope you have not poiſoned yourſelf?"—'Bring me a Bible,' continued Tom "I ſuppoſe, ſhe reſumed, you've loſt ſome great ſum; but never mind, we can work for more."—'Bring me a Bible, I ſay,' ſtill uttered the impatient Tom.—"Good Lord! what can be the matter? ſaid Mrs King, I don't believe there's ſuch a thing in the houſe, without it be in the maid's room" Thither ſhe went, and found part of one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and

made a moſt fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; and ſhe all the while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which ſhe conſidered this as the effuſion, owing to ſome conſiderable loſs. When he had finiſhed and roſe up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table; ſaying, 'There, my dear, there's fourteen hundred pounds I've won to night, and I ſhall receive a thouſand more by to morrow noon; and I'll be d—d if I ever riſk a guinea of it again.'

A perſon, waiting for another, lay down under a tree near which a malefactor was hanging in gibbets, and fell into a ſlumber. As it happened, two of the malefactor's old comrades were paſſing that way, and one of them being in a frolickſome humour, called the dead man by his name, and aſked if he would not come down, and take a walk with them this evening. The doſing perſon thinking it was his companion that called, replied, "Yes, I am coming!" and immediately roſe to join them; while the thieves, conſcious of guilt, and ſtruck with a panick, thought the dead man had really deſcended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the ſpeed of greyhounds, while he who followed in vain called after them to ſtop.

The ſtory of Nell Gwynn, one of Charles II.'s miſtreſſes, paying the debt of a worthy clergyman, whom, as he was going through the city, ſhe ſaw ſome bailiffs hurrying to priſon, is a known fact; as is alſo that of her being inſulted in her coach at Oxford, by the mob, who miſtook her

for the Ducheſs of Portſmouth (another miſtreſs to that merry monarch); upon which ſhe looked out of the window, and ſaid, with her uſual good humour, "Pray, good people, be civil: I am the Proteſtant whore." This laconic ſpeech drew upon her the bleſſings of the populace, who ſuffered her to proceed without further moleſtation.

An ignorant judge, hearing a counſellor cite the Acts of the Apoſtles, aſked him what theſe acts were. The counſellor anſwered, "They are acts that were paſſed in the parliament of Jeruſalem."

Dr Radcliffe would never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearying out his creditors.—A pavior, after long and fruitleſs attempts, caught him juſt getting out of his chariot, at his own door in Bloomſbury-ſquare, and ſet upon him. "Why, you raſcal!" ſaid the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for ſuch a piece of work? Why, you have ſpoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth, to hide your bad work!"—"Doctor, ſaid the pavior, mine is not the only bad work the earth hides!—"You dog! ſaid the Doctor, are you a wit? You muſt be poor, come in!" and immediately paid him.

After Mr Quin, the comedian, had quitted the ſtage, he reſided moſtly at Bath, where he was much admired for his wit, humour, and underſtanding. Being at dinner one day at a lady's

houſe, who was a great admirer of his theatrical talents, ſhe addreſſed him as follows: "Mr Gwynn, I was once vaſtly entertained with your playing the ghoſt of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you roſe through the ſtage, with a white face and red eyes, and ſpoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*: do, pray, ſpout a little the ghoſt of Gimlet." "Madam," ſaid Quin, with a glance of ineffable diſdain, "the ghoſt of Gimlet is laid, never to riſe again." Inſenſible of this check, ſhe proceeded: "Well, to be ſure, you looked and talked ſo like a real ghoſt; and then the cock crowed ſo natural, I wonder how you could teach him to crow ſo exact, in the very nick of time; but, I ſuppoſe, he's game—an't he game, Mr Gwynn?" "Dung-hill, madam." "Well, dung-hill, or not dung-hill, he has got ſuch a clear counter-tenor, that I wiſh I had ſuch another at my houſe, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" Probably in the work-houſe of St Giles's pariſh, madam; but I proteſt I know not his particular mew. "Good God, ſiſter," cried her brother, "how you talk! I have told you, twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn." "Hoity toity! brother, ſhe replied; no offence, I hope! Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old Britiſh extraction. I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profeſſion; and if ſo be that were the caſe, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins." "No, madam," anſwered Quin with great ſolemnity, "my mother was not a whore

of ſuch diſtinction. True it is, I am ſometimes tempted to believe myſelf of royal deſcent; for my inclinations are arbitrary. If I were an abſolute prince at this inſtant, I believe I ſhould ſend for the head of your cook in a charger. She has committed felony on the perſon of that John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even preſented without ſauce."

His Majeſty, riding one day on Richmond-hill, obſerving a houſe delightfully ſituated, aſked a gentleman, who rode beſide him, whoſe houſe it was; who informed him it belonged to a card-maker. "Upon my life, ſaid he, one would imagine all this man's cards turned up trumps." His companion laughed heartily, and declared it was the beſt bon mot he ever heard in his life.

A miſtreſs of a boarding-ſchool at Chelſea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her ſcholars with ſome faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accuſation: "Nay, ſays the miſtreſs, I am ſure it muſt be true, for you bluſh." "Pardon me, ſaid ſhe, it is only the reflection of your face."

The Earl of Cheſterfield, in one of his letters to his ſon, gives an entertaining account of the alteration in our ſtyle; which is inſerted as a parliamentary anecdote:

"I acquainted you, in a former letter, ſays his Lordſhip, that I had brought a bill into the Houſe of Lords for correcting and reforming our preſent Calendar, which is the Julian; and for

adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair, from which reflexions will naturally occur to you, that I hope may be uſeful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious that the Julian Calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the ſolar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory XIII. corrected this error: his reformed Calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic countries in Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Proteſtant ones, except Ruſſia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a groſs and avowed error, eſpecially in ſuch company. The inconveniency was likewiſe felt by all thoſe who had foreign correſpondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation. I conſulted the beſt lawyers and the moſt ſkilful aſtronomers; and we cooked up a bill for that purpoſe. But then my difficulty began; I was to bring in this bill, which was neceſſarily compoſed of law jargon and aſtronomical calculations, to both of which I am an utter ſtranger. However, it was abſolutely neceſſary to make the Houſe of Lords think that I knew ſomething of the matter; and alſo to make them believe they knew ſomething of it themſelves, which they do not. For my own part, I could juſt as ſoon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as aſtronomy; and they would have underſtood me full as well: ſo I reſolved to do better than to ſpeak to the purpoſe, and to pleaſe inſtead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only a hiſtorical account of Calendars, from

the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amuſing them now and then with little epiſodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundneſs of my periods, to my elocution, and to my action. This ſucceeded, and ever will ſucceed; they thought I informed, becauſe I pleaſed them: and many of them ſaid, that I had made the whole very clear to them; when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greateſt ſhare in forming the bill, and who is one of the greateſt mathematicians and aſtronomers in Europe, ſpoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearneſs that ſo intricate a matter would admit of: but, as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near ſo good as mine, the preference was moſt unanimouſly, though moſt unjuſtly, given to me. This will ever be the caſe; every numerous aſſembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compoſe it be what they will. Mere reaſon and good ſenſe is never to be talked to a mob: their paſſions. their ſentiments, their ſenſes, and their ſeeming intereſts, are alone to be applied to. Underſtanding, collectively, they have none; but they have ears and eyes, which muſt be flattered and ſeduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory."

James the firſt, when he was Duke of York, took it into his head to viſit Milton, merely out of curioſity. In the courſe of their converſation, the Duke aſked Milton, "Whether he did not

think the loſs of his ſight was a judgment upon him for what he had written againſt his father, Charles I.?" Our immortal bard made the following reply: "If your Highneſs thinks that the calamities which befal us here, are indications of the wrath of heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The diſpleaſure of Heaven muſt, upon this ſuppoſition, have been much greater againſt *him* than *me*, for I have only loſt my *eyes*, but he loſt his *head*."

The late king of Pruſſia aſked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Engliſhmen could beat them. "I will not affirm," ſaid Sir Robert, "that an equal number could beat them; but I believe, from my ſoul, half the number would be willing to try."

Mrs Woffington, who often performed in men's cloaths, ſaying one day, in the green room, that ſhe imagined half the town took her for a man—"No, no," ſays Mrs Clive; "you muſt certainly be miſtaken, for above half the town know you to be a woman."

An old Roman ſoldier being involved in a lawſuit, implored the protection of Auguſtus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the Emperor's coolneſs, exclaimed—"I did not uſe your Highneſs thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but

fought for you myſelf!" Diſcloſing, at the ſame time, the wounds he had received on that memorable occaſion. This retort ſo affected Auguſtus, that he is ſaid to have perſonally pleaded the ſoldier's cauſe.

On a trial at the Admiralty Seſſions, for ſhooting a ſeaman, the counſel for the crown aſking one of the witneſſes which he was for, plaintiff or defendant. "Plaintiff or defendant!" ſays the ſailor, ſcratching his head; "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff and defendant. I come to ſpeak for that man, there!" pointing at the priſoner. "You are a pretty fellow for a witneſs," ſays the counſel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means." Some time after, being aſked by the ſame counſel what part of the ſhip he was in at the time—"Abaft the binnacle, my lord," ſays the ſailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" replied the barriſter; "what part of the ſhip is that?"—"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the ſailor; "a'nt you a pretty fellow for a counſellor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is!"

A ſtudent of the Middle Temple being juſt called to the bar, ſent for the peruke-maker to meaſure him for a new tye-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was obſerved to ſmile. Upon which the young barriſter deſiring to know what ludicrous circumſtance gave riſe to his mirth, the barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head: "That's well," ſaid the

ſtudent; "we lawyers have occaſion for long heads." The barber, who had by this time compleated the dimenſions, now burſt out into a fit of laughter; and, an explanation being inſiſted on, at laſt declared, that he could not poſſibly contain himſelf, when he diſcovered that his honour's head was juſt as thick as it was long.

A gentleman being confined to his chamber with the gout, gave his watch to an Iriſh footman, and bade him ſet it by the dial in the garden; Teague goes directly to the dial, but not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to return to his maſter without ſhewing he would do him what ſervice he was able, he got a pick-axe, and dug up the ſun-dial; which being done, he with great labour carried it up to his maſter, and told him he did not very well underſtand ſetting watches by ſun-dials, but had brought up the dial that he might ſet his watch by it himſelf.

A Cardinal, highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to baniſh the phyſicians out of Rome, for they were entirely uſeleſs. "No," ſays the Pope, "they are quite the reverſe; for without them the world would encreaſe ſo faſt, that one could not live by another."

A hackney coachman, who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horſes, retired to the neceſſary in the coach-yard, which adjoined to that appropriated to the uſe of his maſter's family, and where his maſter then happened to be.

Our Jehu, not ſuſpecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings in a manner, ſaid to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows: "A ſhilling for maſter—a ſhilling for myſelf;" which he continued till he came to an odd ſix-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair diviſion. The maſter overhearing his perplexity, ſays to him, "You may as well let me have that ſixpence, John; becauſe I keep the horſes, you know."

One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his houſe, and ſat down before the door, to rid himſelf of her impertinence.—The woman, enraged to find all her ſcolding was not able to diſturb his tranquility, flung a chamber-pot full upon his head. Thoſe that happened to ſee it, laughed at poor Socrates; but that philoſopher told them, ſmiling, "I thought, indeed, that after ſo much thunder we ſhould have ſome rain!"

The following incident is a fact, and frequently told by the gentleman himſelf, with great good humour. A gentleman, who is a conſtant viſitor at Margate, of the name of Veyſey, was remarkably fond of fine proſpects, and knew every ſituation for that purpoſe in the iſland of Thanet. In his excurſions there he uſed to mount his ſervant's horſe, and ride from the carriage; and one day being at ſome diſtance, a gentleman rode up, and enquired if he was not the gentleman fond of proſpects? "Yes," anſwered Veyſey. "Why

then, ſays the gentleman, at the bottom of this lane is a very fine one indeed;" "really, ſays he, why I never knew it before; pray let us ride and ſee it." On which they rode together; and when they came to the bottom, old Veyſey enquired for the proſpect: "Here it is, ſaid the gentleman (clapping a piſtol to his breaſt) Your money, Sir!—don't you think this a fine proſpect?" Yes, ſays Veyſey, but a dear one." However, he was obliged to deliver fifty guineas, and a fine gold watch. In conſequence of this adventure, he is ſince known by the name of Proſpect Veyſey.

A young parſon loſt his way in the foreſt, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and deſired any lodging or hay-loft to lie in, and ſome fire to dry him. The man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleaſed to lie with them, he ſhould be welcome. The parſon thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning, the man roſe to go to market, and meeting with ſome of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They aſked him what made him ſo merry about the mouth?—"Why, ſays he, I cannot but think how ſham'd the parſon will be when he awakes, to find himſelf left a bed with my wife?"

A man of the greateſt quality happening one day to be at an entertainment with an archbiſhop, who, from a very mean extraction had advanced himſelf, by his eminent parts, to that dignity, was highly offended at the freedom which the prelate took upon himſelf to confute his argu-

ments. "You had beſt, ſaid the man of quality with an angry countenance, to remember your original." "I do remember it very well, anſwered the archbiſhop calmly, and am fully aſſured that had you been ſon to my father, you had, to this time, been a ſwineherd."

A country farmer had a very handſome daughter, and a raking young 'ſquire, who was his landlord, was very much ſmitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as a wife. He often called at the old farmer's, and chatted with the girl, but ſhe never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cauſe of his frequent viſits. However, at laſt, he thought of a ſcheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and telling him he expected a good deal of company to ſupper that evening, begged the favour of him to let his daughter come and aſſiſt his ſervants; and as it would be late before they went away, ſhe might ſtay all night, and lie with one of his maids.

The honeſt farmer, thinking it an honour to have ſo great a man for his friend, promiſed ſhe ſhould come. But, after he was gone, the old man's mind miſgave him that it might be ſome trick: for the 'ſquire was well known to be the greateſt rake in the county. He was juſt thinking how he ſhould get off from his promiſe, when the 'ſquire's ſervant came to his houſe.

His maſter had told him to go and fetch the farmer's laſs, and to take a little nag and ſide-ſaddle for her to ride on. The man, being deaf,

thought he ſaid, the farmer's aſs, and accordingly came with that meſſage. The farmer, who gueſſed at the miſtake, was highly pleaſed, as the folly of the man was a good excuſe to get off from his agreement, without affronting the 'ſquire. But the difficulty was, how they ſhould make the aſs ſit on the ſide-ſaddle; for as faſt as they lifted her up on one ſide ſhe fell off on the other. The man was ready to burſt with laughing; and the farmer, willing to carry on the jeſt, faſtened her on with cords.

When John came home, it was dark; and his maſter was in the parlour with two or three gentlemen. John, thinking the 'ſquire was upon ſome fun, went in and told him ſoftly, "She's come." "Well, ſaid the 'ſquire, ſpeaking low, take her into the little parlour, and make a good fire." John did as he was ordered, and then going to his maſter again, aſked him what he was to do next; the 'ſquire bid him tell the cook to dreſs a fowl for her ſupper; "and do you hear, ſaid he, let every thing be in order, and let her have a bottle of wine." John could hardly help laughing in his maſter's face; but he ran down to the cook, "What do you think, Betty? the aſs muſt not only ride on a ſide ſaddle, and be ſeated by the fire in the parlour, but ſhe muſt have a chicken for her ſupper, and a bottle of of wine!" Upon hearing this, Betty joined in a laugh with him, till their ſides cracked; but, having more wit than he, ſhe propoſed to eat the fowl, and drink the wine themſelves, and to tell the 'ſquire ſhe had ſupped. This was no ſooner agreed to than done; and John, going to his

maſter again, told him, "She has ſupped, Sir." "Very well, ſaid the 'ſquire, tell Betty to put a pair of clean ſheets on the beſt bed, and wait upon her to bed." John, on hearing this, gave a broad grin, and his maſter, with a ſmile, bid him go and do as he ordered him.—Betty now ſmelt a rat, and they pleaſed themſelves to think how their maſter would be diſappointed. But they were ready to die with laughing in making the aſs lie in bed, and was obliged at laſt to lay her on her back, and tied her legs, with four halters, to the bed-poſts, This being done, John went in once more to tell his maſter that ſhe was in bed. The 'ſquire now began to yawn, and appear ſleepy, which made the company take their leave.

He then went up to the room, where he thought his charmer lay, but would not take a candle; he felt about the bed, and making many fine ſpeeches to the aſs, wondered he received no anſwer; thinking the lady was aſleep, he ſtooped down in order to ſalute her, and hitting his head againſt the aſs's noſe, frightened the creature ſo, that with ſtruggling, ſhe broke the halters, and jumping off the bed, ran about the room. The 'ſquire, terrified out of his wits, did not know where to run for ſhelter, for he could not find the door, but every now and then run plump againſt the aſs, who brayed, a—ha! a—ha! a—ha! The 'ſquire at length crept under the bed, where he roared out, "Betty, John, Betty, John, O, the devil! the devil!"

The ſervants, who had been without ſide the door all the while, and had no little diverſion

when they found he was almoſt terrified to death, opened the door, and brought a light, deſiring to know what was the matter with his honour! The 'ſquire no ſooner ſaw what was the cauſe of his fears, but he fell aboard of poor John.—"Did I not tell you, raſcal, ſaid he, to fetch the farmer's laſs?" John ſcratched his head, and begging his honour's pardon, ſaying, he thought he had ſaid his aſs; "and indeed, Sir, added he, you would forgive me, if you was to know what trouble I have had in making the poor beaſt do as you ordered."

The Emperor Charles V. having wandered up and down for a good while in a foreſt, where he had loſt his way in hunting, found himſelf at laſt near a public houſe, whither he went to refreſh himſelf. As he came in, he ſpied four fellows, whoſe looks foreboded him no good; however, he put a good face upon the matter, ſat down, and called for ſomething to eat and drink. The fellows, who were lying down, and pretended to be aſleep, thought fit to awake. "I dreamed," ſaid one of theſe ruffians, coming near the Emperor, "that I was taking off your hat;" and ſo he took it. "For my part, ſays another, I dreamed that your great coat would fit me exactly;" and, without any more ado, he fairly ſtripped him of it. The third paid him the ſame compliment, and ſtripped him of his buff-coat. The fourth rogue, with the ſame good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, where a whiſtle was hanging. "Hold a little, (ſays the Emperor, putting back his hand) be-

fore you take this dear whiſtle from me, give me leave to teach you the virtue of it; you muſt do ſo" Then having given a loud whiſtle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that houſe, as ſoon as they heard the whiſtle, came in, and were very much ſurpriſed to find him in that condition. "Why, ſays the Emperor to them, here's a parcel of fellows, who have juſt now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleaſed; for my part, I have been dreaming that theſe four rare dreamers were a pack of rogues, and deſerve to be hang'd; and I will have my dream out this very minute." This command was no ſooner given than executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hanged before the door of that neſt of thieves. The old ſaying was verified in the caſe of theſe rogues, "that dreams go by contraries."

A love Letter from a Country Schoolmaſter to the Lady of his Affections.

Dear Madam,

If there be yet no *prepoſition* towards a *conjunction* with you, be pleaſed to accept of this *interjection* of my pretences: for I do *pronouns ad verbum*, that I deſire to be *adjective* to you in all *caſes;* for *poſitively* I declare that, *comparatively* ſpeaking, I ſhould be *ſuperlatively* happy might I *engender* with you in all *moods* and *tenſes*. I hope you will not think me ſo *ſingular*, as not to deſire to have the *plural number* in my family; or that I am too *maſculine*, to be *neuter* in regard to the *feminine:* wherefore, dear Madam, let us have our affections in *common of two*. Far be it from

you to *decline* this *conjugation*, though I am not the *firſt perſon*, nor the *ſecond*, nor the *third*, that have ſolicited you to be *ſubjunctive* to his love. I preſume you will not be in the *imperative*, whilſt I paſs from the *optative* to the *potential*; and that you will permit me to make a *conjunction copulative* of my *propria quæ Maribus*, with your *As in præſenti*; this I will make a *participle* of happineſs, if you pleaſe *actively* to give your voice to be *paſſive* herein: be you but ſupine, and I'll be *deponent*. Thus you will find it the *optative* part of my ſoul to be a lawful *concord* with the *genitive*; my whole income ſhall be a *dative* to you for the *preſent*: nothing ſhall be *accuſative* againſt you for the *future*; and your dear name ſhall ever be my *vocative*, till death, the great *ablative* of all things, part us. I am, dear Madam,

Your moſt obſequious adorer,

PAUL PEDAGOGUE.

At the conteſted election for the city of Weſtminſter, between Lord Trentham (now Earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn, Eſq. (father to the late Serjeant Glynn) went in a plain dreſs to the huſtings in Covent Garden, to poll, and was interrogated by one of the clerks with all the inſolence of office, with, "Well, Sir, who are you? what is your name?" John Glynn. "Where do you live?" In ——— ſtreet, Weſtminſter. "What trade are you?"—A very poor trade indeed, Sir, replied Mr Glynn, for an honeſt man to get a living by, I am a member of parliament.

The Marquis Della Scalas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the ſeaſon were provided; ſome of the company arrived very early, for the purpoſe of paying their reſpects to his Excellency. Soon after which, the Major-Domo entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a moſt wonderful fiſherman below, who had brought one of the fineſt fiſh in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a moſt extravagant price. "Regard not his price, cried the marquis, pay him the money directly."—"So I would, pleaſe your highneſs, but he refuſes to take any money."—"What then would the fellow have?"—"An hundred ſtrokes of the ſtrappado on his bare ſhoulders, my lord, he ſays he will not bate a ſingle blow." On this the whole company ran down ſtairs, to ſee ſo ſingular a man. "A fine fiſh! cried the Marquis, what is your demand my friend?"—Not a quatrini, my lord, ſaid the fiſherman; I will not take money. If your lordſhip wiſhes to have the fiſh, you muſt order me a hundred laſhes of the ſtrappado on my naked back; otherwiſe I ſhall apply elſewhere."—"Rather than loſe the fiſh, ſaid the Marquis, we muſt e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here! cried he, to one of his grooms, diſcharge the honeſt man's demands: but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!" The fiſherman then ſtripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordſhip's orders. "My friend, ſaid the fiſherman, keep an exact account, I beſeech you, for I don't deſire a ſingle ſtroke more than my due."

The whole company was aſtoniſhed at the amazing fortitude with which the man ſubmitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth laſh; when, addreſſing himſelf to the ſervant—"Hold, my friend, cried the fiſherman, I have had my full ſhare of the price."—"Your ſhare, exclaimed the Marquis, what is the meaning of all this?"—"My lord, returned the fiſherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he ſhall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fiſh; and your lordſhip, I dare venture to ſay, will by and by own that it would be a thouſand pities to defraud him of a ſingle ſtroke."—"And pray, honeſt friend, ſaid the Marquis, who is this partner?"—"Your porter, my lord, anſwered the fiſherman, who keeps the outer-gate, and refuſed to admit me, unleſs I would promiſe him half what I ſhould obtain for the fiſh."—"Ho! ho! exclaimed the Marquis, laughing heartily, by the bleſſing of Heaven, he ſhall have double his demand in full tale!" The porter was accordingly ſent for; and, being ſtripped to the ſkin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was ſo well entitled to. The Marquis then ordered his ſteward to pay the fiſherman twenty ſequins; deſiring him to call annually for the like ſum, as a recompenſe for the friendly ſervice he had rendered him.

A miniſter catechiſing his pariſhioners, among the reſt called up a woman of more confidence than judgment, and aſked her, who died for her. "Pray, ſir, ſays ſhe, let's have none of your

taunts!" He told her this was no matter of taunting; ſo aſked her the ſame queſtion again. "Sir, replied ſhe, I have been an honeſt houſe-keeper theſe twenty years, and methinks it does not become a perſon of your coat to mock me at this rate."—"What do'ſt mean, woman? replies the parſon, I do not mock you: I aſk you who died for you?"—"Then, cries ſhe, if you will have the truth, in plain Engliſh, I was once ſo handſome, that as many would have died for me as for any of your daughters, as ſaucy as you are."

A lady obſerving in company how glorious and uſeful a body the ſun was—"The ſun, to be ſure, ſays an Iriſh gentleman preſent, is a very fine body; but, in my opinion, the moon is much more uſeful: for the moon affords us light in the night, when we really want it; whereas we have the ſun with us only in the day-time, when we have no occaſion for it."

In a certain principality, where the labourers in the ſpiritual vineyard are often obliged to fiddle as well as to pray, for the neceſſary ſupport of themſelves and families, about half a century ago lived an honeſt and ingenious man of the ſacred profeſſion; who, having a great deal of duty to perform, for which, however, he received a very inadequate recompenſe, was often neceſſitated to cut as ſhort as poſſible, leaving his hearers to meditate on what he meant to advance in confirmation of his poſitions. One Sunday, in particular, being engaged in the afternoon to play ſeveral airs on the Welſh harp, on which inſtru-

ment, as well as the violin he was a very excellent performer, he delivered the following incomparable ſermon to his pariſhioners; which, for brevity, method, point, and moral, we recommend to the attentive peruſal of every ſincere Chriſtian throughout his majeſty's dominions:

JOB, chap. i. ver. 21.

Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked ſhall I return thither.

In diſcourſing from theſe words, I ſhall obſerve the three following things:

Firſt, Man's ingreſs into the world:

Secondly, His progreſs through the world:

And, thirdly, His egreſs out of the world.

To return—

Firſt, Man's ingreſs into the world, is naked and bare;

Secondly, His progreſs through the world, is trouble and care;

And, thirdly, His egreſs out of the world, is nobody knows where.

To conclude—

If we do well here, we ſhall do well there;

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year!

King Charles II. aſked Stillingfleet, How it came about, that he always read his ſermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elſewhere?—He told the King, That the awe of ſo noble an audience, where he ſaw nothing that was not greatly ſuperior to himſelf, but chiefly the ſeeing before him ſo great and wiſe a Prince, made him afraid to

truſt himſelf. With which anſwer the King was very well contented. 'But pray,' ſays Stilling-fleet, 'will your Majeſty give me leave to aſk you one queſtion too:—Why do you read your ſpeeches, when you can have none of the ſame reaſons?"—"Why truly, Doctor," ſays the King, "your queſtion is a very pertinent one, ſo will be my anſwer: I have aſked them ſo often, and for ſo much money, that I am aſhamed to look them in the face."

A perſon in London, writing, or rather meaning to write to a friend in the country, to 'direct to him at the Saracen's Head, Cornhill, or at Mr Jocelyn's, an Apothecary, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, wrote as follows: 'Dyewreet for me at the Serjant's Head in Cornwal, or at Mr Jaw ſlings potty carrier, under the Phhs Common Garding.'

When the Duke of Grafton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the preſent Counteſs of Harrington, and at this time of life, (though of a very thin delicate conſtitution) gave evident ſigns of an amorous diſpoſition.—Among the reſt of his amours, he very warmly ſolicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved ſo indecently to her, that ſhe was under the neceſſity of complaining to her lady. 'How is this, Sir, ſays her ladyſhip, 'that you can behave ſo rude in my houſe?' 'Lord, ma'am, 'ſays the other, 'to tell you the truth, Nancy did look ſo charming, fleſh and blood could not refrain.'—Come, come, Charles, returned her

ladyſhip, 'let me hear no more of ſuch doings in this houſe: it may be an excuſe for fleſh and blood, but I am ſure it can be none for ſkin and bone.

Curious hiſtorical fact.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in ſearch of a place, as a ſervant maid; but, not ſucceeding, ſhe applied herſelf to carrying out beer from a brew-houſe, and was one of thoſe, then called tub-women. The brewer, obſerving a well-looking girl in this occupation, took her into his family as a ſervant, and after a while, married her; but he died when ſhe was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The buſineſs of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr Hyde as a gentleman of ſkill in the law, to ſettle her huſband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very conſiderable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other iſſue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother to Mary and Ann, queens of England.

A certain vicar, of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape; Oh oh, Mr Twangum, ſays the vicar, from whence come you? Why, I don't know, doctor, ſays he, I have been *ſpinning* it out with my neighbour Freeport. Ay, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive, after your *ſpinning* it out, you are finiſhing the work by *reeling* it home.

ISAAC FAC-TOTUM, Barber, Perriwig-maker, Surgeon, Pariſh-clerk, Schoolmaſter, Blackſmith, and Man-midwife.

Shaves for a penny, cuts hair for two pence. Young ladies genteely educated. Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Alſo pſalm-ſinging and horſe-ſhoeing by the *real* maker. Likewiſe makes and mends all ſorts of boots and ſhoes, teaches the hoboy and Jew's-harp, cuts corns, bleeds and bliſters on the loweſt terms.

Cow-tilions and other dances taught at home or abroad. Alſo deals wholeſale and retail. Sells all ſorts of ſtationary ware, together with blacking-balls, red-herrings, gingerbread, coals, ſcrubbing-bruſhes, treacle, mouſe-traps, and other ſweetmeats.

N. B. I teach Joggrafy, and them out-landiſh kind of things. A ball on Wedneſdays and Fridays. All performed (God willing) by me,

Iſaac Fac-Totum.

A correſpondent ſent us the following copy of a ſhop-bill at Wigan, in Lancaſhire.

James Williams, Pariſh-clerk, Saxtone, Town-cryer, and Bellman—makes and ſells all ſorts of haberdayſharies, groceries, &c. likewiſe hair and whigs dreſt, and cut, on the ſhorteſt notice.

N. B. I keeps an evining ſchool, where I teach at reaſonable rates, reading, writting, and ſinging.

N. B. I play the hooboy occaſionally, if wanted.

N. B. My ſhop is next door, where I bleed, draw teth, and ſhoo horſes, with the greateſt ſcil.

N. B. Children taut to dance, if agreable, at 6d. per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and ſell old iron, and coals—Shoos cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and pr ſtockens to be cudgelled for, the beſt in 5, on Shrof Tuſhday. For particulars encuire within, or at the horſe ſhoo and bell, near the church, on tother ſide of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the ſight of the 3 pidgeons.

N. B. I ſell good Ayle, and ſometimes Cyder —Lodgins for ſingle men.

A certain facetious Abbe, of France, having engaged a box, at the Opera-houſe, at Paris, was turned out of his poſſeſſion by a Marchal, as remarkable for his ungentleman-like behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanneſs. The Abbe, for this unjuſtifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a Court of Honour, and ſolicited permiſſion to be his own advocate, which was granted When he pleaded to the following effect: "'Tis not of Monſieur Suffrein, who acted ſo ably in the Eaſt-Indies, that I complain; it is not of the Duke De Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain; it is not of the Compte De Graſſe, who ſo bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of the Marchal who took my box at the Opera-houſe, and never took any thing elſe This moſt poignant ſtroke of ſatire ſo ſenſibly evinced the court that he had already inflicted puniſhment ſufficient, that they refuſed to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment to the Abbe's wit.

An Iriſh gentleman, whoſe name is Shaw, remarkable for his vivacity both as an artiſt and a companion, happened to drink at a houſe near Hanover-ſquare, till, "reaſon nodded on her throne," and he was left muſing in a box by himſelf; at length a French valet and an Engliſh footman came in, to ſolace themſelves with a ſober tankard of porter, and ſat down in the ſame box with the above-mentioned gentleman; when, entering into converſation, the footman obſerved his good fortune in falling into ſo excellent a place, eſpecially where he had met with ſo good-humoured a fellow-ſervant as the cook, who had juſt toſſed him up a nice *kick ſhaw* for his dinner. Poor Mr Shaw, whoſe ears were quicker to hear, than his reaſon to diſcern what was ſaid, ſtarted up in a violent rage, broke a fine ſtick, which he had in his hand, of five guineas value, and advancing to the teeth of the affrighted Frenchman, and aſtoniſhed footman, with the remains of the cane in his hand, exclaimed, "Now, raſcals, damme! let me ſee if you can *kick Shaw* now: I'll teach you, ſcoundrels, to talk of kicking me!" It was with the greateſt difficulty that the old Grecian was prevented from executing his threats upon the ſurprized and ſuppoſed culprits. However, after many pardons aſked, he was pacified, and permitted himſelf to be led home.

Dr Goldſmith, having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea inſtead of a ſhilling, and, with great conſiſtency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the

fraternity of the whip about Temple-bar, to find the coachman again, by the deſcription of his perſon. The fellow being well known, the Doctor had ſoon the ſatisfaction to be informed he was a very honeſt man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. "Well, ſays the Doctor, I am going to dine at the Devil, with my friend Dr Johnſon, and Mr Stevens: if he ſhould come before ſix o'clock, ſend him to me." The Doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was below ſtairs with his guinea. On this information, the Doctor largely deſcanted on the ſingular honeſty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary ſubſcription from the company, of about nine ſhillings; which the Doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand, with many encomiums on his honeſty; at the ſame time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he ſlipped into his pocket: on turning to go up ſtairs, however, the honeſt hack-driver modeſtly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine ſhillings being given as a reward for his honeſty, his fare was not included. "Right, cries the Doctor, there is a ſhilling for thee, my lad."—"God bleſs your honour, returned John, I ſee you know how to conſider a poor man." Then artfully dropping, that, though poor, he was honeſt; yet, God knew he had a wife and four children; concluding with a hint on family ſickneſs, and the dearneſs of proviſions: this melted the Doctor, and drew an-

other half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, desiring he would then go about his business, lest he should take the silver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the coachman declared himself fully satisfied; and, with many scrapes and bows, took his leave The Doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with so favourable an opportunity to reward honesty, and to indulge his natural propensity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums, both on the coachman and the Doctor; but with what propriety, was discovered, when, the reckoning being called, the Doctor pulled out the guinea to discharge his quota; not, indeed, the identical guinea the Doctor gave the coachman, but the guinea the coachman gave the Doctor, which, being of silver gilt, was worth just eightpence halfpenny.

An Englishman and an Irishman were condemned for piracy. For that crime they are generally executed near a river. The Englishman was to suffer first, but by some accident the rope slipped, and he fell into the water; being an excellent swimmer, he swam to the other side of the river, and made his escape. The Irishman, seeing what had happened, begged the executioner to tie his rope fast, "For, says he, if it should chance to slip, I shall certainly lose my life, for I cannot swim."

Mr Macklin, the comedian, going the other day to one of the fire-offices, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would

pleaſe to have his name entered. "Entered, replied the veteran of the ſock, why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of parliament; but in compliment to the times, you may ſet me down Charles Macklin, Eſquire, as they are now ſynonimous terms."

The late Lady Tyrawley, who was very ſhort-ſighted, being on a chriſtening viſit, her ladyſhip waited below ſtairs a conſiderable time, with much impatience, to ſee the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal-ſcuttle; who approaching the fire, near which her ladyſhip was ſeated, ſhe immediately roſe, and being extremely deſirous of complimenting the family with a thouſand common-place obſervations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility—"La! it is the ſweeteſt creature I ever beheld! my Lord Duke's noſe! my Lady Dutcheſs's eyes and mouth!—Dear nurſe, this is an univerſal joy; for ſure no mother ever had ſo ſweet a creature!" The company ſtared; and her ladyſhip, who did not diſcover her error, called for her chair, congratulated herſelf on having paid her viſit, and returned home full of the praiſes of his Grace's delightful baby.

An alehouſe girl took it into her head to be catechiſed at church. The parſon aſking her her name, "Lord, Sir, ſaid ſhe, how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come to our houſe ſo often, and cry ten times in an evening, Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot!"

SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

The Rev. Mr Dodd, a very worthy miniſter, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himſelf obnoxious to many of the Cantaba by frequently preaching againſt drunkenneſs; ſeveral of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the road-ſide. Accordingly, addreſſing him with great apparent politeneſs, they aſked him if he had not lately preached much againſt drunkenneſs. On his replying in the affirmative, they inſiſted that he ſhould now preach from a text of their chuſing. In vain did he remonſtrate on the unreaſonableneſs of expecting him to give them a diſcourſe without ſtudy, and in ſuch a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himſelf as follows:

Beloved, let me crave your attention—I am a little man, come at a ſhort warning, to preach a ſhort ſermon from a ſmall ſubject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a ſmall congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT: I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into ſyllables, it being but one: I muſt therefore of neceſſity divide it into letters, which I find to be theſe four, M—A—L—T.

M, my beloved, is Moral—A is Allegorical—L is Literal—T is Theological. The Moral is ſet forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, Maſters—A, All of you—L, Liſten—T, to my Text. The Allegorical is when one thing is ſpoken, and another thing is meant. The thing ſpoken of is Malt; the thing meant is

the Juice of Malt; which ye Cantabs make—M, your Maſter—A, your Apparel—L, your Liberty—and T, your Truſt. The Literal is according to the Letter—M, Much—A, Ale—L, Little—T, Truſt. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and theſe I find to be of two kinds: firſt, in this world; ſecondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are, in ſome—M, Murder—A, Adultery—in all, L, Looſeneſs of Life—and, in ſome, T, Treaſon. The effects that it works in the world to come are—M, Miſery—A, Anguiſh—L, Lamentation—and, T, Torment. And ſo much for this time and text.

I ſhall improve this: firſt, by way of exhortation—M, Maſters—A, All of you—L, Leave off—T, Tipling; or, ſecondly, by way of excommunication—M, Maſters—A, All of you—L, Look for—T, Torment. Thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modeſty, the ſpoil of civility, the deſtruction of reaſon, the brewer's agent, the alehouſe's benefactor, his wife's ſorrow, his children's trouble, his own ſhame, his neighbour's ſcoff, a walking ſwill-bowl, the picture of a beaſt, and the monſter of a man.

Now to, &c.

A late celebrated Iriſh counſellor, as remarkable for his brogue, as for his bon mots, being retained againſt a young officer, who was indicted for a very groſs aſſault, opened the cauſe in the following manner: "My lord, I am counſel for the crown; and I am firſt to acquaint your lord-

ſhip, that this ſoldier—" "Stop, Sir! ſays the military hero, I would have you know, Sir, I am an officer."—"O! Sir, I beg your pardon, ſays the counſellor, very dryly; Why then, my lord, to ſpeak more correctly, this officer, who is no ſoldier—!"

Hereditary Diſeaſe of a Mendicant.

Dining lately with a convivial party, a few miles from town, the following adventure happened:

The cloth being removed, and the glaſs beginnig to circulate, a man very ſlovenly as well as raggedly dreſſed, introduced himſelf cap in hand to the company. Surpriſed at the conduct of our hoſt, in permitting ſuch a perſon to intrude himſelf, we were about to call the landlord for an explanation; when the man undertook to apologize for himſelf, and exculpate the people of the houſe, who he declared had not ſeen him enter.

The ſingular impudence of the fellow, added to the peculiar ſtile of his addreſs, ſo ſuperior to that of the vulgar, excited our curioſity; and we were anxious to be informed of the motives that could induce a perſon of his athletic form, and youthful appearance, to ſubmit to the humiliating and precarious profeſſion of a common beggar.

"An hereditary diſorder, gentlemen, ſaid he, which has brought ſeveral of our family to their graves, even before they arrived at my age. I have myſelf been diſcharged as incurable from every hoſpital appropriated to my particular malady. This, gentlemen, obliges me to adopt this

diſagreeable method of ſupporting a miſerable exiſtence."—" But your complaint?" replied one of the company. " My delicacy, gentlemen, returned the mendicant, will not permit me to diſcloſe the nature of my diſeaſe in ſo public a manner; but if any gentleman will retire with me into another apartment, I doubt not that I ſhall give him ſuch ſatisfaction, as cannot fail to operate in my favour."

It was accordingly agreed that a wag of the faculty ſhould attend him into the next room; who, returning in a few minutes, exclaimed, with much apparent concern—" Poor fellow! I do, indeed, recommend him as a real object of your benevolence; and ſhall begin with ſubſcribing a ſhilling for his relief." The fellow then went round with his hat, and the collection being pretty ſucceſsful, he retired, uttering a thouſand benedictions on the kind-hearted gentlemen. As ſoon as he was gone, ſome of the company became very importunate with the young ſurgeon reſpecting the man's complaint, which it was unanimouſly agreed he was now bound to reveal; and, as he was convinced that the fellow had by this time taken care to ſecure his retreat, he immediately informed us, that LAZINESS was the incurable diſeaſe which had afflicted this man from his infancy, that he gave him a ſhilling to open the ſubſcription, and that, in fact, we were all bit!

One of the king's ſoldiers, in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, ſtaggered againſt a church; and, clapping the wall of it repeatedly

with his hand, hiccupped out, "D—n you, you old b—h, never fear! I'll ſtand by you to the laſt!"

Queen Mary, having dealt ſeverely with the Proteſtants in England, about the latter end of her reign, ſigned a commiſſion to take the ſame courſe with them in Ireland; and, to execute the ſame with greater force, ſhe nominated Dr Cole one of the commiſſioners. This Doctor coming with the commiſſion to Cheſter, on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her Majeſty was ſending a commiſſion into Ireland, he, being a churchman, waited on the Doctor; who, in diſcourſe with the Mayor, took out of a cloak-bag a leather-box; ſaying to him, "Here is a commiſſion that ſhall laſh the heretics in Ireland:" (calling the Proteſtants by that title.) The good woman of the houſe, being well affected to the Proteſtant religion, and alſo having a brother, named John Edmonds, of the ſame faith, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the Doctor's words; but watching her convenient time, when the Mayor took his leave, and the Doctor complimented him down ſtairs, ſhe opened the box, took out the commiſſion, and placed in lieu thereof a ſheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the knave of clubs being faced uppermoſt. The Doctor coming up to his chamber, ſuſpecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. He next day, going to the water's ſide, wind and weather ſerving him, ſailed to Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October, 1550, at Dublin. Then coming to the caſtle, the Lord Fitz-Wal-

ter being Lord-deputy, ſent for him to come before him and the Privy-council: he, coming in, after he had made a ſpeech relating upon what account he came over, preſented the box to the Lord-deputy; who cauſing it to be opened, that the ſecretary might read the commiſſion, found nothing but a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermoſt; which not only ſtartled the Lord-deputy and council, but the Doctor, who aſſured them he had a commiſſion, but knew not how it was gone. Then the Lord-deputy made anſwer, "Let us have another commiſſion, and we ſhall ſhuffle the cards in the mean while." The Doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned to England; and, coming to the court, obtained another commiſſion: but ſtaying for a wind at the water's ſide, news came to him, that the Queen was dead. Queen Elizabeth was ſo delighted with this ſtory, which was related to her by Lord Fitz-Walter, on his return to England, that ſhe ſent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a penſion of forty pounds a year during her life.

Not long ſince, a Jew came to the Court of King's Bench, to juſtify a bail for 1800l. when, on the uſual queſtions being aſked him—if he was worth 1800l. and all debts paid; he replied, "My lords! upon my vord, dis is a very great ſhum; and as I am not really vort de half, I vill not juſtify, my lord, for it; but, as de attorney here did give me 20l. bank note to juſtify, vat vod your lordſhips have me do vid de monies?" The Earl of Mansfield, who ſeemed ſtruck with the anſwer

immediately replied, "You are an honeſt Jew, and I would adviſe you by all means to keep the note!"—Which Mordecai Iſrael accordingly did; and, as his lordſhip was going out of court, the Iſraelite, with many bows and ſcrapes, ſaid, "I hombly tank your lordſhip; for you are the firſt who ever called me an honeſt Jew."

Doctor Magenis alighting at a public houſe in Drogheda, for the purpoſe of paſſing the night, ordered his horſe to graſs; and meeting with a few ſocial companions, exceeded his uſual temperance. He diſcovered the next morning, that his horſe had been pounded for treſpaſſing on a plot of ground belonging to the chief magiſtrate of the town, who inſiſted on half a guinea for damages. The Doctor paid the money, and wrote the following lines:

Was e'er a horſe ſo well beſitted?
His maſter drunk—himſelf committed!
But courage, horſe, do not deſpair;
You'll be a horſe when he's no may'r.

Mrs Foote, mother of Ariſtophanes, was of a very whimſical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her ſon. The day ſhe was ſent priſoner to the King's Bench, Foote was taken to a Spunging-houſe; when the following laconic letters paſſed between mother and ſon. "Dear Sam, I am in priſon." Anſwer, "Dear mother, ſo am I."

A patriotic gentleman ſtanding at the window of his houſe with his wife, whom he had married

a few days before and ſeeing a beautiful young woman paſs along, he ſaid to his wife, " My dear ſoul, I'll make you laugh, you muſt know that I had to do ſeveral times with that girl there before ſhe married, but ſhe was ſo ſilly as to go and tell her mother of it." His wife replied, " Oh, the ſilly brainleſs wretch, I in like manner have had to do an hundred times with our coachman and footman, and never ſaid a word of it to my mother."

At an entertainment given by the heads of the pariſh, where Charles Banniſter was invited, the company, when the glaſs had gone round a little, began to ſing and be merry; when the clerk of the pariſh, who ſung very agreeably, was ſo conſcious of his merit, that he began to grow very troubleſome, and would not ſuffer any gentleman to ſing, except ſuch ſongs as he thought proper to call for. " Hey-day, Mr Amen, ſays Charles, this is, methinks, making too free; for tho' you make the company ſing what you pleaſe on Sundays, I can ſee no reaſon you ſhou'd oblige them to do ſo every day of the week."

An arch barber, at a certain borough in the weſt, where there are but few electors, had art enough to ſuſpend his promiſe till the voters, by means of bribery (the old balſam) were ſo divided, that the caſting vote lay in himſelf. One of the candidates, who was ſenſible of it, came into his little dirty ſhop to be ſhaved, and when the operation was finiſhed, threw into the baſon twenty guineas. The next day came the other

candidate, who was ſhaved alſo, and left thirty. Some days after this, the firſt returned to ſolicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, "That he could not promiſe."—"Not promiſe! ſays the gentleman, why I thought I had been ſhaved here!"—"'Tis true, ſays the barber, you was, but another gentleman has been trimmed ſince that; however, if you pleaſe, I'll trim you again; and then I'll tell you my mind."

Thoſe in the leaſt acquainted with the character of Dr Goldſmith, know that œconomy and foreſight were not amongſt the catalogue of his virtues. In the ſuit of his penſioners (and he generally enlarged his liſt as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of ſcribbling memory, who had ſerved the doctor ſo many tricks, that he deſpaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How ſo, Jack?" ſays the Doctor. "Why (ſays Jack) the Ducheſs of Marlborough, you muſt know, has long had a ſtrange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were ſometimes to be had in the Eaſt-Indies, I commiſſioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the moſt beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finiſhed this account with a tranſport of joy, he lengthened his viſage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice,

he could not preſent them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he ſaid himſelf, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beaten out of his ſcheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and, after premiſing on the indelicacy of the propoſal, hinted, that, "if he could ſpare that watch for a week, he could raiſe a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The doctor would not be the means of ſpoiling a man's fortune for ſuch a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raiſed what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he ſent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the doctor, under ſuch circumſtances, very generouſly ſent him.

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the maſter, a grave man, came to expoſtulate with him about it. "Sir, ſaid he, I wonder you could do ſo?"—"Prithee, where is the wonder? ſays the other, if ſhe had got me with child, you might have wondered indeed."

A bridegroom, the firſt night he was in bed with his bride, ſaid to her, "When I ſolicited thy chaſtity, hadſt thou condeſcended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee."—"Faith, ſaid ſhe, I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened ſo three or four times before, and I was reſolved to be fool'd no more."

The following laughable ſtory is a ſerious portrait of human nature.——The preſent Earl Spencer's father was a man of ſenſe, humour, and wit; very ſingular in his dreſs, and very determined in his actions. In a morning he walked the ſtreets in a Tyburn-top wig, with an oak ſtick, and a little couteau de chaſſe under a plain brown frock. In this manner, ſallying forth one morning à voir le monde, a butcher's dog, not liking his phiz, flew at him, and ſhook him ſo ſoundly by the coat, that Mr Spencer (then commonly called Jack Spencer) drew forth his couteau, and ſtabbed the dog.—The enraged butcher not thinking it quite ſafe to attack a man ſo ſtout, and well armed at both points as Mr Spencer then was, inclined rather to dodge the aſſaſſin, which Mr Spencer perceiving, went into an ale-houſe, and called for a pot of beer, in order to give the butcher time to take ſuch meaſures as he thought more prudent than a dodging match. The butcher fetched the conſtable, and charged him to take that man into cuſtody for killing his dog. Sir Thomas de Veil was then the Fielding of Weſtminſter, before whom the noble culprit was brought. Mr Spencer ſeeing the pompoſity of the juſtice, and knowing what a ſcrub he was, affected a face of concern and repentance. "How dared you, Sir (ſaid the juſtice, as ſoon as the caſe was opened) kill this here man's dog; nay, his ſervant, as a body may call him, who protected his ſhop with more care and fidelity than perhaps a Chriſtian would have done?" And, ſeeing the diſmay his priſoner was under, added, "Sirrah, what provocation had you to kill this

honeſt man's dog?" Upon this ſevere interrogation, Bow, wow, wow, barked Mr Spencer, and running his head furiouſly in De Veil's face, and taking hold of his coat collar in his mouth, made the ſeat of juſtice, juſtice and all, tremble again, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent.—A dog killed! juſtice inſulted! a poor butcher ruined! a court of juſtice contemned! Why, it is almoſt death without benefit of clergy! "Commit him, commit him!" cries De Veil.—"What's your name, fellow," ſaid the clerk, who was filling up the mittimus. At length ſilence being called, the priſoner, with a ſeeming penitential face, anſwered, "My name, pleaſe your worſhip, is Spencer John."—"But your Chriſtian name? your Chriſtian name?" "Why that is John!"—Now Sir Thomas was no ſuch fool, but he knew that Spencer John turned t'other way, was John Spencer, and that John Spencer was a ſingular character, and brother to the Duke of Marlborough; and then taking a more ſtedfaſt look in his face, recollected his perſon! A ſhort pauſe was here very neceſſary; Sir Thomas took it, and then burſting out into a laugh, ran up to Mr Spencer, and ſaluted him, "Mr Spencer, ſaid he, I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant. Pray, how does my Lord Duke, your brother, do? Pray, Mr Spencer, do me the honour to ſit down:" And turning to the butcher, "Sirrah, away,—never let me hear again of your keeping dogs to inſult gentlemen, and terrify his Majeſty's faithful ſubjects in the ſtreets. I have a mind to——" Here Mr Spencer interpoſed, and deſired that he might ſo far prevail as to let the man go quietly home,

and look after his mutton, which Sir Thomas, who had juſt ſaved his own bacon, thought very equitable.

A few years ſince Mr Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the Court of King's Bench, in a pariſh ſuit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other queſtions, his name, and profeſſion? "Why, and pleaſe your honour, ſays he, my name is Will Stevens, and I am grave-digger, at your worſhip's ſervice."

"How many cuckolds, without including thee, ſaid a citizen's wife to her huſband, doſt thou reckon in our ſtreet?"—"How do ye mean, angrily replied he, without including me?"—"Well my dear, replied the wife, if that does not pleaſe thee, how many doſt thou think there are, including thee?"

A gentleman juſt married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thouſand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. "Faith, Sir, ſays the wit, I ſee you are no hypocrite, for ſhe is truly your *dear* wife."

The following odd cheat was practiſed ſome time ago in London. A man, not very conſcientious in his diſpoſition, was invited to a friend's houſe in the country, but having neither a pair of boots, nor money to buy them, he reſolved to ſupply his wants by cozenage. He went to a ſhoemaker's, and ordered a pair of boots, which

he ſaid he muſt have without fail the Saturday morning following, by *ſeven* o'clock; he was alſo very preciſe in ordering a particular leather, and the make he would have them of: all which the ſhoemaker took in charge; at the ſame time promiſing not to fail him at the hour he commanded. From thence my chap goes to another ſhoemaker, where he ordered a pair of boots of exactly the ſame leather and faſhion of thoſe he beſpoke before, ſaying, he muſt have them without fail the next Saturday morning, at *eight* o'clock, which the ſhoemaker likewiſe promiſed. The appointed day being come, the firſt ſhoemaker, exactly at *ſeven* o'clock, brought the boots to the lodgings where he had been directed. The rogue pretended to be mightily pleaſed at his punctuality, tried one of them, and declared it fitted him to a hair; but in putting on the ſecond, he pretended great difficulty, ſaying that it pinched him ſo about the inſtep, that he could not bear it; he confeſſed indeed, that one of his feet was larger than the other, and propoſed to the ſhoemaker that he ſhould take home the boot and ſtretch it, and bring it to him again at twelve o'clock, till which time he ſhould not leave town being retarded by an unexpected affair. Which the ſhoemaker, tho' he knew nothing of his cuſtomer, made no difficulty of doing. By this means he had got one boot, and only wanted a fellow to it. At *eight* o'clock the other ſhoemaker punctually brought him the other pair of boots, and he played exactly the ſame trick with him he had done the former. The boot fitted to a miracle. But the ſecond muſt be carried back to be ſtretched a little. In a word, he

found no difficulty with either of the tradeſmen; and the minute he got quit of both, mounted his horſe and rode off. At twelve the two ſhoemakers met at the door, with each a boot: a little curſing and ſwearing enſued upon finding out the trick that had been played them; but in the end they adjourned to a neighbouring alehouſe, and, as the boots were fellows, and one would be uſeleſs to each, they agreed to play a game at All-fours, to determine which ſhould have the pair.

A Captain, that had a wooden leg, booted over, had it ſhattered to pieces by a cannon bullet; his ſoldiers crying out, "A ſurgeon, a ſurgeon! for the captain!—"No, no, ſaid he, a carpenter will ſerve my turn."

A gentleman on his travels called his ſervant to the ſide of the poſt-chaiſe, "Tom, ſays he, here's a guinea which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you ſee and part with it ſome how or other on the road."—"Yes, Sir, ſays the footman, I'll endeavour."—When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his ſervant to know if he had paſſed off the guinea. "Yes, Sir, ſays the man, I did it ſlily."—"Aye, Tom, ſays the maſter, I fancy thou art a ſly ſort of a fellow; but tell me how?" "Why, Sir, ſays the footman, the people refuſed him at breakfaſt, and ſo they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him in between the halfpence, and the man put it in his pocket, and never ſaw it."

Mr Addiſon, ſo deſervedly celebrated for an uncommon accuracy in thinking and reaſoning, has given abundant proof of his belief of Chriſtianity, and his zeal againſt infidels of all kinds, in his "Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion." All his writings on religious ſubjects diſcover a ſtrong, maſculine, and ſteady piety; and his amiable conduct, in every part of his life, gives us the moſt convincing proof that what he wrote were the genuine ſentiments of his mind: but his virtue ſhone brighteſt at the point of death; for after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtempers, he diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all the hopes of life; but, with his hopes of life, he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth (Lord Warwick, his ſon-in-law) nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came: but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid—"Dear Sir! you ſent for me, I believe, and hope you have ſome commands; I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "See in what peace a Chriſtian can die!" He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired.—The pamphlet from which this is quoted, is entitled, "Conjectures on Original Compoſition," but, although publiſhed anonymous, was written by the great Dr Edward Young;—nor can we, with more propriety cloſe the character of Mr Addiſon, than with this very gentleman's obſervation on the anecdote juſt men-

tioned; in which he tells us that it is to this circumſtance Mr Tickell refers, where, in lines on this great man's death, he has theſe words—

"He taught us how to live, and oh! too high
"A price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

At the time of the great conteſted election for repreſentatives of the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, in 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were candidates, the late Dr Barrowby greatly intereſted himſelf in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppoſe the court-party. At this period he had, for ſome weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, maſter of the Ben Johnſon's Head, in Ruſſel-ſtreet, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's viſits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expreſſed her uneaſineſs, that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were uſed on both ſides to obtain the ſuffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great aſtoniſhment, found him up, and almoſt dreſſed by the nurſe and her aſſiſtants. "Hey-day! what's the cauſe of this? exclaimed Barrowby. Why would you get out of bed without my direction?" "Dear Doctor, ſays poor Joe, in broken accents, I am going to poll." "To poll!" replies the Doctor with ſome warmth, ſuppoſing he was of the opinion with his fair rib, "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know, that the cold air may deſtroy you? Get to

bed, man, get to bed as faſt as you can, or immediate death may enſue" "Oh! if that be the caſe, Sir, returns the patient, in a feeble voice, to be ſure I muſt act as you adviſe me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to ſeize this opportunity to go to Covent-garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput." "How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wiſh him heartily well." "Do you? ſays the medical politician. Hold! nurſe, don't pull off his ſtockings again. Let me feel his pulſe. Hey! very well; a good firm ſtroke. Egad this will do. You took the pills I ordered laſt night?" "Yes, Doctor; but they made me very ſick." "Aye, ſo much the better. How did your maſter ſleep, nurſe?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he? Well, if his mind be uneaſy about this election, he muſt be indulged. Diſeaſes of the mind greatly affect the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day: but the ſooner he goes, the better; the ſun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Adad! a ride will do him good. He ſhall go with me to the huſtings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conſcience, amidſt the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his phyſical friend had left him at his own houſe, abſolutely departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the court-party.

As a lover of truth was one day exclaiming againſt the abominable hateful practice of *telling*

lyes; he obſerved, "an acquaintance of mine is ſo much addicted to it, that he *lyes* from morning to night."—"O, is that all!" ſaid a punſter preſent; "but I know a perſon who *lyes* both day and night!"—"How can that be, ſaid the former, does he never ſleep any?"—"O yes," replied the wag; "but he *lyes* all day with his *tongue*, and all night with his *body*."

The Duke d'Offuna, famous for his wiſdom and for pleaſant repartees, being Viceroy of Naples, went to the Spaniſh gallies, on a certain great feſtival, with the intention of uſing the privilege he enjoyed, of releaſing one of the ſlaves on that occaſion. He interrogated ſeveral, and aſked them what was the reaſon of their being there; but they all excuſed themſelves with different pretences, and endeavoured to perſuade him that they were innocent; there was but one amongſt them who ingenuouſly confeſſed all the crimes he had committed, and who owned he had merited a much greater puniſhment than he ſuffered. "Drive away that wicked man," ſays the Duke, ordering him to be ſet at liberty, "for fear he ſhould corrupt all theſe good people that are here." Thus rewarding, by an elegant pleaſantry, the ſincerity of this galley-ſlave, and reproving the deceitfulneſs of the others.

Monſieur de Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him ſome verſes to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the tyrant in that

play. The ſervant excuſing himſelf, under a pretence that it was the hour of ſleep. "Go, I ſay," continued Voltaire, "tyrants never ſleep."

His Majéſty, when a boy, was very fond of his bed; his father came into his bed-chamber one morning, and ſeemed angry with his ſleeping ſo long, ſaying the ſun had been up above three hours: "That's no great wonder, Sir, ſaid he, if I had as many miles to travel to-day as the ſun has, I would have riſen as ſoon as he." His father left him with a ſmile, and ſeemed highly delighted with the reply.

A certain Cham of Tartary, going a progreſs with his nobles, was met by a Derviſe, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoſoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice. The Cham ordered him the ſum: upon which the Derviſe ſaid, "Begin nothing, of which thou haſt not well conſidered the end." The courtiers, upon hearing this ſentence, ſmiled; and ſaid, with a ſneer, "the Derviſe is well paid for his maxim:" But the King was ſo well ſatisfied with the anſwer, that he ordered it to be written in gold letters, in ſeveral places of his palaces, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the king's ſurgeon was bribed to kill him with a poiſoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the king's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the ſurgeon's hand, he read on the baſon, "Begin nothing, of which thou haſt not well conſidered the end." He immediately ſtarted, and let the lancet fall out of

his hand. The king obſerved his confuſion, and enquired the reaſon. The ſurgeon fell proſtrate, confeſſed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conſpirators died. The Cham, turning to his courtiers who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "That counſel could not be too much valued, which had ſaved a king's life."

His Majeſty, returning to his country box at Windſor, a few years ago, rode up to a crowd of people, and perceived one of the horſes of a team had juſt dropped down dead. The owner was very much affected, and wrung his hands, declaring it the greateſt misfortune he had ever met with, and at that time he could leaſt afford to buy another horſe, as he had met with a number of hardſhips for ſome time. His Majeſty felt for the poor fellow, and calling one of his ſervants, who rode on an excellent horſe, deſired the waggoner to accept him. "Ah! maſter (ſaid the countryman) my pocket will not reach ſuch a beaſt as that." Come, come, my good fellow, be of good heart," ſaid his Majeſty, "take him, and when I demand a price for him, then thou ſhalt pay me."

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for ſuſpicion of debt, and dealt with the honeſt officer in the following manner: He firſt called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no ſmall joy of the bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a calf that bled ſo well, (as they term it.) Harlequin made the honeſt bailiff believe that he had ſix dozen of wine

ready packed up, which he would ſend for to drink while in cuſtody, and likewiſe allow ſixpence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder-daub liſtened to the propoſal with pleaſure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it ſhould be ſent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter ſweating under his load: the turnkey called to his maſter, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: Very well, (ſays he) then let nothing but the porter and hamper out. The porter performed his part very well: came heavily in with an empty hamper, and ſeemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was diſhampered at an ale houſe near the water-ſide, croſſed the Thames, and ſoon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on ſuch an emergency.

A prince, who was fond of extempore repartees, and who was remarkable for making them himſelf, having met, in the country, a man who was riding poſt, ſtopped him, aſking him theſe queſtions all at once: Whence doſt thou come? Whither art thou going? What doſt thou ſeek for? The other as readily made this anſwer to theſe ſeveral queſtions: From Bruges, to Paris, a Penſion. Thou ſhalt have it, replied the prince.

The famous Lord Oxford, in the courſe of his travels, choſe occaſionally to conceal his name and rank, and at Rome, in particular, he wiſhed

to paſs for a private gentleman; but, notwithſtanding all his precautions, he could not long conceal his quality. Pope Benedict XIV. having received certain intelligence that he was in the city, ſent immediately to invite him to ſee the curioſities of his palace, and requeſted him not to leave Rome without doing him this honour; aſſuring him, at the ſame time, that he would receive great ſatisfaction from viewing a great number of rarities not commonly ſhewn to ſtrangers. Lord Oxford accepted this polite invitation, but intreated his Holineſs to diſpenſe with a viſit in form; which being granted, his Lordſhip went the next day to the palace, attended only by two private friends, who travelled with him. The Pope received them with all imaginable honours, and conducted them himſelf through all the apartments of his palace, where he ſhewed them ſeveral curioſities, which are generally concealed from perſons of the common rank, and eſpecially from Proteſtants. When they were on the point of taking leave, his Holineſs ſaid to them, with great good humour, "Gentlemen, I know that you do not expect from me either indulgencies or abſolutions; but you cannot refuſe the benedictions of a good old man;" he then put his hands upon their heads, and added, with great affection, "God bleſs you, God bleſs you!"

An Engliſhman and a Welſhman, diſputing in whoſe country was the beſt living, the Welſhman inſiſted there was ſuch noble houſekeeping in Wales, that he had known more than a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner. "Aye,

replied the Engliſhman, that's likely enough, becauſe every man toaſted his own cheeſe."

Some time after a late nobleman had abjured the Roman Catholic religion, he was ſent ambaſſador to France, where he reſided ſeveral years. Being one day at an entertainment, a noble duke, his near relation, rallying him on the ſcore of religion, aſked his lordſhip whether the miniſters of ſtate, or the miniſters of the goſpel, had the greateſt ſhare in his converſion. "How can you, my lord duke," replied the witty peer, "aſk me ſuch a queſtion? Do you not know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confeſſion."

As the late Duke of Bedford was one day on horſeback, not far from Wooburn Abbey, in company with ſome gentlemen, his Grace obſerved four labourers making a hearty meal in the open field. Struck with a ſudden whim, he rode up to the honeſt ruſtics, and aſked them if they thought themſelves perfectly happy? Three of them replied that, confining their wants to what God pleaſed to ſend them, they had not a wiſh in the world. But the fourth frankly confeſſed, that one thing was wanting to his felicity; namely, the recovery of a ſpot of ground, a houſe, and a mill, which had been in the poſſeſſion of his family for a long ſucceſſion of years, and which his father had imprudently diſpoſed of. "And if you had this inheritance, ſaid the Duke, would you then be fully contented?" "As much ſo," replied the ruſtic, "as it is poſſible for man

to be!" "What is it worth? reſumed his Grace," "I could purchaſe it," returned the country-man, "for ninety guineas."—"Let this honeſt fellow have to that amount," ſaid the Duke, turning to his ſteward; "I ſhall then have the ſatisfaction to reflect that I have at leaſt rendered one man happy."

When the renowned Admiral Haddock was dying, he begged to ſee his ſon, to whom he delivered himſelf thus—"Notwithſtanding my rank in life, and publie ſervices for ſo many years, I ſhall leave you only a ſmall fortune; but, my dear boy, it is honeſtly got, and will wear well: there are no ſeamen's wages or proviſions in it; nor is there one ſingle penny of dirty money."

A maſter of arts being reduced to extreme poverty, begged ſome relief of a lockſmith, who was at work in his ſhop. The ſmith aſked him why he had not learned ſome art to get his living by, rather than thus to go about begging. Alas! replied the ſcholar, I am a maſter of ſeven. "Of ſeven! replied the lockſmith; they muſt be ſorry ones indeed, then, ſince they are not all able to keep you: for my part, I have only one, as you ſee, which maintains ſeven of us; myſelf, my wife, and five children."

At the cloſe of an election at Lewes, the late Duke of Newcaſtle was ſo delighted with the conduct of a caſting voter, that he almoſt fell upon his neck and kiſſed him. "My dear friend, I love you dearly! You're the greateſt man in the

world! I long to ſerve you! What can I do for you?" "May it pleaſe your Grace, an exciſeman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to ſucceed him as ſoon as he dies." "Aye, that you ſhall, with all my heart. I wiſh, for your ſake, he were dead and buried now. As ſoon as he is, ſet out to me, my dear friend! be it night or day, inſiſt upon ſeeing me, ſleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Come to court! if I am not at court, never reſt till you find me! Not the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, or any place, ſhall be kept ſacred from ſuch a dear, worthy, good ſoul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the King and I were talking ſecrets together in the cabinet!" The voter ſwallowed every thing with exſtacy; and, ſcraping down to the very ground, retired to wait, in faith, for the death of the exciſeman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the enſuing winter. As ſoon as ever the Duke's friend was appriſed of it, he ſet off for London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn-Fields about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain had, about this time, been ſeized by a diſorder, which, ſome of the Engliſh had been induced to believe, from particular expreſſes, he could not poſſibly ſurvive. Amongſt theſe, the noble Duke was the moſt credulous, and probably the moſt anxious. On the very firſt moment of receiving his intelligence, he had diſpatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unuſual haſte, as ſoon as ever the death of his Catholic Majeſty ſhould have been announced. Ignorant of the time in which they might arrive,

and impatient of the fate of every hour, the Duke would not retire to reſt, till he had given the ſtricteſt orders, to his attendants, to ſend any perſon, to his chamber, who ſhould deſire admittance. When the voter aſked if he was at home, he was anſwered by the porter, "Yes, his Grace has been in bed ſome time; but we were directed to awaken him, as ſoon as ever you came." "Ah, God bleſs him! I know that the Duke always told me I ſhould be welcome, by night or by day. Pray ſhew me up." The happy viſiter was ſcarcely conducted to the door, when he ruſhed into the room, and, in the tranſport of joy, cried out, "My Lord, he's dead!" "That's well, my dear friend; I'm glad of it with all my ſoul. When did he die?" "The morning before laſt, an't pleaſe your Grace." "What, ſo lately! why, my worthy, good creature, you muſt have flown: the lightning itſelf could not travel half ſo faſt as you! tell me, you beſt of men, how I ſhall reward you?" "All I wiſh for, in this world, is, that your Grace would pleaſe to remember your kind promiſe, and appoint me to ſucceed him." "You, you blockhead! You King of Spain! What family pretenſions can you have! Let's look at you." By this time the aſtoniſhed Duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was ſeen with rage and diſappointment. To have robbed him of his reſt, might eaſily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundleſs ſuppoſition that the King of Spain was dead, became a matter of reſentment. He was, at firſt, diſmiſſed with all the violence of anger and refuſal. At length, the

victim of his paſſion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raiſed the candidate for monarchy into a poſt, which, from the colour of the preſent times, may ſeem at leaſt as honourable—he made him an exciſeman.

Doctor Friend, the intimate companion of the celebrated Doctor Mead, happened, while in parliament, to oppoſe with violence the meaſures of the miniſtry. In conſequence of this conduct, he was, in the month of May, 1722, committed to the tower, upon a charge of high treaſon. About half a year afterwards the premier, being taken ill, ſent for Mead, who, after informing himſelf about the nature of his diſtemper, told him, that he would anſwer for his recovery; but that he would not write a ſingle preſcription for him, till his friend the Doctor was inlarged from the tower. The miniſter, finding his malady increaſe, obtained, a few days after, his majeſty's pardon for the ſuppoſed culprit, and again ſent to Doctor Mead. Though the pardon was already diſpatched from the ſecretary's office, yet the Doctor perſiſted in his reſolution till his friend was actually reſtored to his family. The miniſter was ſoon reſtored to his health; and Friend, on the very evening of his releaſe, received from the hands of the Doctor the ſum of five thouſand guineas, which the other had received as fees for attending the patients of his impriſoned companion: nor could Friend, with all his rhetoric, perſuade him to accept them, as the fruit of his labour.

This brief anecdote will, in our opinion, be a monument to the memory of Doctor Mead, more durable an hundred fold than all his writings, deſervedly as they are prized by every medical reader of learning and genius in his profeſſion.

The wife of a farmer, near Richmond, was taken in labour; the farmer wiſhed for a ſon, and waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with exſtacy. A few minutes after, the maid ſervant came in, and told her miſtreſs was delivered of another child, a fine girl:—"a girl! (ſaid the farmer with aſtoniſhment) well, well, we muſt endeavour to give it a bit of bread." A ſhort while after, the girl appeared again, and told him, her miſtreſs was delivered of a lovely boy. "What, another child! (ſaid the farmer, almoſt frantic with ſurpriſe) d—m it, Nanny, is your miſtreſs pigging?

A handſome young woman, who was a witneſs in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counſellor Dunning, who thinking to confuſe the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and ſee (for all counſellors are complete judges of phyſiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous queſtions to her, he aſked her whether her miſtreſs had ever communicated the important ſecret to her. "No, Sir, ſaid the woman, ſhe never did." "And how can you ſwear to her infidelity?" "Becauſe I ſaw another gentleman,

beſides my maſter, in bed with her." "Indeed!" ſaid the counſellor. "Yes, indeed, Sir." "And, pray, my good woman, ſaid the modeſt counſellor, thinking to ſilence her at once, did your maſter (for I ſee you are very handſome) in return, for his wife's infidelity, go to bed to you?" "That trial (ſays the ſpirited woman) does not come on to-day, Mr Slabberchops" ——Lord Mansfield was tickled to the ſoul, he thruſt his hand into the waiſtband of his breeches (his cuſtom when highly delighted) and aſked Dunning if he had any more interrogations to put? "No, my lord, I have done," ſaid the chop-fallen orator, ſettling his wig, and ſitting down.

During Mr Pope's laſt illneſs, a ſquabble happened in his chamber between his two phyſicians (Dr Barton and Dr Thomſon, both ſince dead) Dr Barton charging Dr Thomſon with haſtening his death by the violent purges he had preſcribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr Pope at length ſilenced them, ſaying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your diſcourſe, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore, all I have now to aſk is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of poſtſcript:

Dunces rejoice, forgive all cenſures paſt,
The greateſt dunce has kill'd your foe at laſt."

Others ſay, that theſe lines were written by Dr Barton himſelf, and the following epigram, by a friend of Dr Thomſon, was occaſioned by the foregoing one:

As phyſic and verſe both to Phœbus belong,
So the college oft dabble in potion and ſong;
Hence Barton, reſolv'd his emetics ſhall hit,
When his recipes fail, gives a puke with his wit.

Two ſailors, one Iriſh the other Engliſh, agreed, reciprocally to take care of each other, in caſe of either's being wounded, in the action, then about to commence. It was not long before the Engliſhman's leg was ſhot off, by a cannon-ball; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to the agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had ſcarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a ſecond ball ſtruck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noiſe and diſturbance common in a ſea engagement, had not perceived his friend's laſt misfortune, continued to make the beſt of his may to the ſurgeon. An officer, obſerving him with a headleſs trunk upon his ſhoulders, aſked him where he was going. "To the doctor." ſays Paddy. "The doctor! ſays the officer, why you blockhead, the man has loſt his head!" On hearing this he flung the body from his ſhoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "By me own ſhoul, ſays he, he told me it was his leg!"

Upon the door of a houſe, occupied by a father and ſon, the former a blackſmith and publican, the latter a barber, near Bridgewater, in Somerſetſhire, is a board expreſſing as follows:

Barnes and Sun, blackſmith and barbers work done hare—horſe ſhoing and ſhaving locks mend-

ed, and hare curled bleeding, teeth drawing and all other farriery work——All ſorts of ſpiritus lickers akording to the late commical treaty.

Take notice my wife keeps ſkool and lays fokes as youſhall teeches reeding and writing; and all hother larned langwetches, and has aſſiſtunts if required to teech horitory, ſowing, the matthew-matticks; and all hother faſhunable diverſhuns.

In a window at Bodmin, in Cornwall, a few months ago, was a ſheet ſtuck upon paſteboard, with this inſcription,

" A gooſe curd hare;"

the meaning of which was found, upon enquiry, to be, Agues cured here.

At Falmouth, a Mrs Bull, who dealt in a variety of noſtrums, had this curious legend hung upon a poſt in her ſhop;

" Cod fryes cord ill hand udder mad ſine."

Engliſhed—*Godfrey's cordial and other medicines.*

Mr Foote, as a cotemporary, and mixing, as he did, in the firſt circles of faſhion, was perfectly acquainted with the leading tranſactions of the late Ducheſs of Kingſton's life. Beſides this, he had received much private information from ſome perſon who had lived in the houſe with her. The ſuſpicion, at the time, fell on a Miſs Penroſe; a young lady, who had experienced ſo many gracious promiſes from the Ducheſs, that ſhe only found it neceſſary to provide for herſelf till they were accompliſhed. Whoever furniſhed the intelligence, it certainly was of the moſt private

kind, and, poſſeſſing it, Foote reſolved to make ſomething of what he thus knew. As, in the opinion of Mandeville, private vices are public benefits, ſo Foote deemed the crimes and follies of individuals convertible into advantage by the amalgamy of wit. On this principle he proceeded with the Ducheſs of Kingſton. He had written a piece, entitled, "A Trip to Calais." The ſcenes were humorous, the character of the Ducheſs was moſt admirably drawn, and the effect was accompliſhed; which was, that ſhe ſhould ſee, and be aſhamed of herſelf. The real deſign of Foote was, to obtain a conſiderable ſum of money from the Ducheſs for ſuppreſſing the piece. With this view he contrived to have it communicated to her Grace, by an indifferent perſon, that the Haymarket theatre would open with the entertainment in which ſhe was, as the phraſe is, taken off to the life. This was intended to alarm, and it did effectually alarm her. She ſent for Mr Foote. He attended, with the piece in his pocket. She deſired him to read a part of it. He obeyed; and proceeding in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, his auditoreſs could no longer forbear. She aroſe, in a violent paſſion, and exclaimed, "This is ſcandalous, Mr Foote! Why, what a wretch you have made me!"—"You!" replied the humouriſt, "this is not deſigned for your Grace; it is not you!" After a few turns about the room, the Ducheſs calmed her turbulence, and aſſuming a ſmile, intreated it as a favour that Mr Foote would leave the piece for her peruſal, engaging at the ſame time to return it on the enſuing morning. He readily com-

plied. The carriage was ordered, and he took his leave.—Left thus to conſider her own picture, ſo much did her Grace diſlike it, that ſhe determined, if poſſible, to prevent the expoſure of it to public view. As the artiſt had no objection to ſelling it, ſhe inclined to be the purchaſer — This was the next morning made known to Foote, who was queſtioned as to the ſum which would ſatisfy him for ſuppreſſing the piece. Proportioning his expectations to her power of gratifying them, he demanded Two Thouſand Pounds, and to be paid a certain ſum, in compenſation for a loſs which, he pretended, would be ſuſtained by the ſcenes deſigned for the Trip to Calais," being appropriated to other uſes. The enormity of this demand ſtaggered the Ducheſs. By meſſages, ſhe intimated her extreme ſurpriſe, and a wiſh that the requeſt were moderated within the boundary of reaſon. Imagining that ſhe muſt at laſt comply, Foote would not abate one guinea. She offered him fourteen, then ſixteen hundred pounds, and had actually a draft on Meſſrs Drummond, to that amount, for his acceptance. This yielding only induced Foote to think he ſhould finally ſucceed, until by graſping at too much, he overſtood the market, and loſt every thing.

A good friar, preaching upon the power of God, ſaid he had created nothing but what was perfect in its kind. A hunch-back wag, waiting for him at the door, ſaid, "Father, I thank you for your ſermon; but do you really think that I, for inſtance, am perfect in my kind?"—

Yes, ſaid the father gravely, a very perfect hunch-back, ſurely.

When Marſhall Villars was paſt fourſcore, he gave a ſignal inſtance of courage and vivacity, in attacking ſome ſquadrons of Imperial horſe, with the king of Sardinia's guards. That monarch telling him, that he loſt the experienced general in the ardour of a young officer; the marſhal anſwered, "Lamps are apt to ſparkle when they are expiring."

The late colonel Chartres, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, "That if ſuch a thing as a good name was to be purchaſed, he would freely give ten thouſand pounds for one." The nobleman ſaid, "It would certainly be the worſt money you ever laid out in your life." "Why ſo?" ſaid the honeſt colonel. "Becauſe, anſwered the lord, you would forfeit it again in leſs than a week."

A Spaniard being on board a ſhip in a ſtorm, the captain commanded that the moſt cumberſome and heavy things ſhould be thrown overboard to eaſe the veſſel. Thereupon the Spaniard took his wife, and would have thrown her into the ſea; and, as the captain aſked him the reaſon of it, he anſwered, "I have nothing that's more heavy or cumberſome to me than my wife; and ſo I perform your command upon her."

A merry fellow got into a pulpit, before the parſon came, and ſaid, "Brethren, in this land

of Chriſtendom there are neither ſcholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough." One anſwered him, and ſaid, that of all theſe there was rather too great a plenty than a ſcarcity. He replied, "That if there were ſcholars enough, ſo many ignorant dunces would not be beneficed; if gentlemen enough, ſo many plebeians would not be ranked amongſt the gentry; and if Jews enough, ſo many Chriſtians would not profeſs uſury."

The houſe of a Greek, living in the ſuburbs of Conſtantinople, had been ſet on fire; by the aſſiſtance, however, of a few Janiſſaries, he had nearly ſayed all his goods; but by ſome fatal chance, one of his children lying in his cradle had been forgotten.—No poſſibility was left of re-entering the houſe, and the deſpairing father had given up the babe as irrecoverably loſt. At that very inſtant, a large maſtiff, the property of the Greek, was ſeen coming out of the houſe, holding the child in his mouth by the body. Vain were the attempts to ſtop or make him loſe his hold; the ſagacious creature ran through the croud, and never ſtopped, till reaching the houſe of his maſter's intimate friend, he dropped at the door the precious burthen. The gratitude of the father towards this excellent ſervant cannot be expreſſed! nor could you imagine what reward he reſolved to beſtow upon the faithful creature! Hear then:—The Greek killed the animal with his own hand, and had the carcaſe dreſſed, which was ſerved up as a principal diſh at an entertainment he had prepared to ſolemnize his child's

lucky eſcape from the devouring flames, ſaying, "He has behaved too well to be left a prey to filthy worms, men alone ſhould feed upon his remains; and ye, my gueſts, cannot but profit by it; you will grow more benevolent, feeling, and virtuous."

A Brewer, who had been left a conſiderable fortune by the death of an uncle, ſet himſelf up for a gentleman and a wit at the ſame time, being one day in a Bookſeller's ſhop, where a little gentleman was preſent, by profeſſion a ſurgeon, who is remarkable for his hardneſs of hearing, (of which failing many wou'd-be-wits avail themſelves) took this opportunity of diſplaying his wit on the ſon of Æſculapius. Said, a perſon preſent, (addreſſing the Surgeon) "were I in your place, I'd certainly thraſh the Brewer for his impudence." —"*Thraſh* him!" replied he ſharply, "I would certainly loſe all my *labour*, by getting nothing, for my *thraſhing*, but *draf*."

In an aſſembly of Wits and Bon Vivants, one evening, the topic of diſquiſition was, "Whether wit and wiſdom were the ſame? or they were diſtinct faculties of the human mind?" Or, in other words, "Whether a witty perſon was, at the ſame time, a wiſe perſon?"—There was much ſaid *pro* and *con*; but it was generally decided that they were not one. At laſt a young gentleman, who was more remarkable for his ill-tim'd wit, than his wiſdom, began and inſiſted on it with great warmth and dogmaticalneſs, that a perſon poſſeſſed of wit, muſt alſo be poſſeſſed of wiſdom:—

Upon whom a perſon preſent retorted the following ſevere extemporaneous epigram:

That wiſdom and wit an't the ſame—you may know it;
For *Wou'd-be* has *wit*, but not *wiſdom* to ſhow it.

Which ſo non-plus'd the young caſuiſt, and carried ſuch ſtrong conviction to the minds of all preſent, as ſoon put an end to the diſpute.

A Quaker, coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and taken before a juſtice for riding upon the ſhafts of his cart, and was fined forty ſhillings. The Quaker, without heſitation, threw down two guineas; when the juſtice told him, he muſt have two ſhillings change. "Aye, ſays the Quaker, but as thou haſt been at ſo much trouble, thou mayeſt keep the two ſhillings to thyſelf; only thou write it down upon a bit of paper for my ſatisfaction;" which the juſtice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon ſtampt paper.—The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring juſtice, ſhows him the receipt, tells him he had juſt taken it, and aſked, if it was according to law? "No; ſays the juſtice, it ſhould have been upon ſtampt paper.—The juſtice was brought before them, and fined in the penalty of five pounds, to the no ſmall mortification of the juſtice, and the great laughter of the company preſent.

A bailiff clapt a man on the ſhoulder, and ſaid, I arreſt you, Sir, for a horſe (meaning for the money he owed for a horſe.) "Why, replied

the defendant, thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly ſuch a fool as thou makeſt thyſelf? Pray, look upon me again; what likeneſs can you ſee, that you take me for a horſe?" then tripping up his heels, ſaid, "However I'll ſhow you a horſe's trick; and, after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and ſo ran off."

A Son of the Awl, who had received at ſchool, as moſt of our youths do now-a-days, a little ſmattering of Latin grammar, took every opportunity, eſpecially when fuddled, to ſhow his brethren of the *laſt* his ſuperior knowledge and education.—One day, being ſomewhat mellow, as he was paſſing a man who was removing ſome rubbiſh from an old houſe, he began to attack him on his favourite point of education, grammar; and, amongſt other things ſaid to him 'that he could not *decline labour*.'—"Yes, I can," ſaid the man.—"No, you can't;" ſaid Grammaticus—"Yes;" ſaid the man, "I can very ſoon *decline labour*, if you'll be ſo good as find me out a better or eaſier employment, whereby I may gain a livelihood."

As the late Mr Rich, whoſe abilities as a harlequin are univerſally known, was one evening returning home from the playhouſe in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare-market. Juſt as the coach paſſed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dextrouſly threw himſelf out of the coach-window into the room. The coachman, who ſaw

nothing of this tranſaction, drew up, deſcended from his box, opened the coach-door, and let down the ſteps; then, taking off his hat, he waited for ſome time, expecting his fare to alight; but, at length, looking into the coach, and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the ſtand; when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himſelf into the coach, looked out, aſked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and deſired him to turn about. The coachman, almoſt petrified with fear, inſtantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and, after reproaching the fellow with ſtupidity, tendered him his money. "No, God bleſs your honour," ſaid the coachman, "my maſter has ordered me to take no money to-night."—Pſhaw! ſaid Rich; your maſter's a fool; here's a ſhilling for yourſelf—"No, no," ſaid the coachman, who had by that time remounted his box, "that won't do:—I know you too well, for all your ſhoes—and ſo Mr Devil, for once you're outwitted!"

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church-preferments, travelling ſlowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parſon, who had ſomehow procured the loan of a good horſe. The parſon, *en paſſant*, bowed moſt reſpectfully to the dean; who, deſiring him to ſtop, begged he would call at the Mermaid at Rocheſter, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The par-

ſon accordingly called on the hoſt, and told him that he would be honoured with a viſit at ſuch a time, and muſt provide a good dinner. "For how many, and pleaſe your honour?" ſays Boniface. "Why, replies the parſon, I can't well ſay how many perſons the whole company will conſiſt of, for I only ſaw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Wincheſter, the Provoſt of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's chaplains."—The parſon then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample proviſion for the numerous gueſts he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the dean arrived, a large table was ſet, and the cloth laid. "How's this! cries his reverence; you have ſhown me the wrong room; this, ſurely is intended for a large company."—"And pleaſe your honour, replied the landlord, Parſon Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I muſt provide for your honour, and the Canon of Wincheſter, and the Provoſt of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and ſo I thought, and pleaſe your honour, I'd get enough." Oh, very well, coolly anſwered the dean, who now recollected himſelf, I ought to have aſked Mr Singlechurch to have ſtaid and dined with me."

There have been ſo many adventures and ſtories handed down to us of Charles II. and the Earl of Rocheſter, which are ſo common and well known, that ſcarcely any have the air of novelty

to recommend them. However, the following adventure, if not new, is but little known to the world, and is thus related: Rocheſter contrived, with one of Charles's miſtreſſes, the following ſtratagem to cure that monarch of the nocturnal rambles to which he addicted himſelf. He agreed to go out one night with him to viſit a celebrated houſe of intrigue, where, he told his Majeſty, the fineſt women in England were to be found. The King made no ſcruple to aſſume his uſual diſguiſe, and accompany him; and while he was engaged with one of the ladies of pleaſure, who had been before inſtructed by Rocheſter how to behave, ſhe picked his pocket of his watch and all his money, which the King did not immediately miſs. Neither the people of the houſe, nor the girl herſelf, were made acquainted with the quality of their viſitor, nor had the leaſt ſuſpicion who he was. When the intrigue was ended, the King enquired for Rocheſter, but was told he had quitted the houſe, without taking leave: and he was thrown into ſtill greater embarraſſment, when, upon ſearching his pockets, in order to diſcharge the reckoning, he found his money gone. He was then reduced to the neceſſity of aſking the bawd, who kept the houſe, to give him credit till to-morrow, as the gentleman, who came in with him, was not returned, who was to have paid for both. The conſequence of the requeſt was, he was abuſed and laughed at; and the old woman told him, that ſhe had often been ſerved ſuch dirty tricks, and would not permit him to ſtir till the reckoning was paid; and then called to one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridi-

culous diſtreſs, the priſoner of a bawd, ſtood the Sovereign of three kingdoms! After much altercation, the King at laſt propoſed, that ſhe ſhould accept a ring, which he then took from his finger, in pledge for the money; which ſhe likewiſe refuſed, and told him, that, as ſhe was no judge of the value of the ring, ſhe did not chuſe to accept ſuch pledges. The King then deſired that a jeweller might be called to give his opinion of the value of it; but he was anſwered, that the expedient was impracticable, as no jeweller could then be ſuppoſed to be out of bed. After much intreaty, his Majeſty at laſt prevailed upon the bawd to let her bully knock up a jeweller, and ſhew him the ring; which as ſoon as he had inſpected, he ſtood amazed, and enquired, with his eyes fixed upon the fellow, who he had got in his houſe. To which he anſwered, "A black-looking, ugly ſon of a whore, who had no money in his pocket, and was obliged to pawn his ring."—"The ring, ſays the jeweller, is ſo immenſely rich, that but one man in the nation could afford to wear it, and that one is the King." The jeweller, being aſtoniſhed at this accident, went out with the bully, to be ſatisfied of ſo extraordinary an affair; and, as ſoon as he entered the room, he knew the King's features, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe; upon which he kneeled down, and, with the greateſt reſpect, preſented the ring to his Majeſty. The bawd and her bully, finding the extraordinary quality of their gueſt, were terrified and confounded, and aſked pardon moſt ſubmiſſively on their knees. The King, in the beſt-natured manner, forgave them; and, laughing,

aſked, "Whether the ring could not bear another bottle?"

One evening, at the Counteſs of Walſtein's, the preſent Emperor of Germany enumerated ſome remarkable and ludicrous inſtances of etiquette which had occurred at a certain court; one perſon preſent hinted at the effectual means his Majeſty had uſed to baniſh every inconvenience of that kind from the court of Vienna. To which he replied: "It would be hard, indeed, if, becauſe I have the ill fortune to be an Emperor, I ſhould be deprived of the pleaſures of ſocial life, which are ſo much to my taſte. All the grimace and parade to which people in my ſituation are accuſtomed from their cradle, have not made me ſo vain as to imagine, that I am, in any eſſential quality, ſuperior to other men; and, if I had any tendency to ſuch an opinion, the ſureſt way to get rid of it, is the method I take in mixing in ſociety, where I have daily occaſions of finding myſelf inferior in talents to thoſe I meet with. Conſcious of this, it would afford me no enjoyment to aſſume airs of a ſuperiority which I feel does not exiſt. I endeavour, therefore, to pleaſe and be pleaſed; and, as much as the inconveniency of my ſituation will permit, to enjoy the bleſſings of ſociety like other men, convinced that the man who is ſecluded from theſe, and raiſes himſelf above friendſhip, is alſo raiſed above happineſs, and deprived of the means of acquiring knowledge."

A few years ſince, in a company of bon vivants, Mr Foote, being violently afflicted with the tooth-

ach, ſent to Ruſpini, the celebrated dentiſt, for aſſiſtance; who, finding the tooth very much decayed, propoſed that it ſhould be immediately drawn. After the operation, the humouriſt expatiated, with great concern, upon the loſs of his grinder; upon which Lord M——, who was preſent, replied with great briſkneſs, "Come, come, Foote, do not make yourſelf uneaſy, for I am convinced it is the only bad thing that ever came out of your mouth."

Some time after Mr Foote was married, Lady N— P—— made ſome overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam was an intimate and familiar companion of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, whoſe finances at that time were much ſtraitened, and ſome expedient was requiſite to raiſe the neceſſary ſupplies. Foote, knowing the embarraſſment of his friend, informed him of her ladyſhip's diſpoſition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a ſcheme whereby the knight might make ſure of her ladyſhip and her fortune, which was ſaid to be about ninety thouſand pounds in the funds, beſides other poſſeſſions. The project was concerted. Mr Foote informed Lady P——, that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjurer, in the Old-Bailey, who foretold ſuch events as were almoſt incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard, from ſeveral of his friends, ſuch very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened pre-

ciſely as mentioned by the conjurer, that his incredulity was not a little ſtaggered. Her ladyſhip ſnapped at the bait; and the late facetious Jemmy Worſdale was appointed to perſonate the conjurer, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician. Jemmy, being acquainted with her ladyſhip's affairs, told her the moſt remarkable tranſactions, to her great aſtoniſhment. He then acquainted her ladyſhip, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the moſt important of her whole life. Her ladyſhip being very inquiſitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "That was ſhe upon the point of being married." "Indeed! ſaid ſhe, pray Mr Conjurer, to whom?" "I am not, he replied, at liberty to acquaint you, at preſent, who is the perſon; but I can acquaint you when and where you will ſee him, and point out to you his dreſs." "Bleſs me! tell me, I beg of you." "On Thurſday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there obſerve a tall, fair gentleman, remarkably handſome, dreſſed in blue and ſilver: he will bow to a perſon in your company, the firſt time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that that man is to be your huſband." Her ladyſhip aſked no more queſtions, but reſolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjurer had mentioned. Delaval appeared dreſſed preciſely as deſcribed, bowed, joined, and, in three days, married her ladyſhip.

Some young gentlemen, drinking at a tavern, happened, amongſt other things, to fall on the

ſubject of apparitions, the exiſtence of which one of them abſolutely denied; and, as a proof of his fearleſſneſs as to things of that nature, he undertook, in conſequence of a wager, to bring off a ſcull from a neighbouring bone-houſe. at the dreadful hour of twelve at night. The ſexton, for a proper acknowledgment, agreed to leave the door open, that nothing might obſtruct him. Our adventurer arrived at the gloomy ſcene, entirely ignorant that one of his companions had got there before him, groped among the bones, picked up a ſcull, and was marching off: when a hollow voice called him back, ſaying, "That's my ſcull." "Very well, ſays our hero, then I muſt have another." The ſecond, and two or three ſucceeding ones were claimed by the voice as belonging to different relations of his. At laſt, having picked up another, he ſays, "I muſt have one, be it whoſe it may," and away he ran. When he got back to his company, "There, ſays he," flinging the ſcull upon the table, "there's a ſcull! but I'll be ſhot if the owner is not coming for it!"

Lord Mansfield, being willing to ſave a man that had ſtolen a watch, deſired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the proſecutor cries out, "Ten-pence! my lord; why the very faſhion of it coſt me five pounds."—"Oh! ſays his lordſhip, we muſt not hang a man for faſhion ſake."

When the Ducheſs of Kingſton, ſome years ſince, wiſhed to be received in the court of Berlin, ſhe got the Ruſſian miniſter there, to men-

tion her intentions to his Pruſſian majeſty, and to tell him at the ſame time, "That her fortune was at Rome, her bark at Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin." Immediately on hearing which, the king ſarcaſtically replied, "I beg, Sir, you will make my compliments to her grace, and inform her, that I am ſorry we are only entruſted with the very worſt part of her property."

A punſter was aſking an acquaintance, whom he met in the ſtreet—if he had been hearing Mr P——t preach his farewell ſermon?—"No, ſaid he; I went, but I could not find *room*."——"I would have been ſurpriſed if you had (replied the other wittily) found *Rome* out of Italy."

Judge Burnet, ſon of the famous Biſhop of Saliſbury, when young, was ſaid to be of a wild and diſſipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very ſerious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom? ſaid the biſhop. What are you ruminating on?"—A greater work than your Lordſhip's Hiſtory of the Reformation," anſwered the ſon. "Aye! what is that?" ſaid the father. "The reformation of myſelf, my Lord," replied the ſon.

Milton was aſked by a friend, whether he would inſtruct his daughters in the different languages?—to which he replied,—"No, Sir, one tongue is ſufficient for a woman."

The Earl of Dorſet having a great deſire to ſpend an evening with Butler, the celebrated au-

thor of Hudibras, ſpoke to Mr Fleetwood Shepherd, to introduce him. The three wits, ſome time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the firſt bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the ſecond, he broke out the man of wit and reading; but on the third, relapſed into a tameneſs of converſation—very inferior to the author of Hudibras. Next morning Mr Shepherd aſked his Lordſhip, how he liked his friend Butler?—"I do not know any thing better to compare him to, ſays his Lordſhip, than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

When Louis XIV. came to the throne, he was remarkably obſtinate, and it could not be known whether he took advice of any one. He had no public council, nor any private counſellor. One day being hunting on a very ſmall Britany bidet, Cardinal Mazarine frequently repeated, "What a very ſtrong horſe that muſt be!" "Why ſo, my good Cardinal?" replied the King. "Why, Sire, anſwered his Eminence, it not only carries your Majeſty, but the whole body of your council." From that moment the King took the hint, and of courſe, advice, and became one of the greateſt monarchs in the world.

The celebrated Michael Angelo, having received ſome inſult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge, painted a moſt ſtriking likeneſs of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, ſuffering the torments of hell. The ſatire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, ſtung

with the bitterneſs of the caricature, complained to his holineſs. Pope Leo was too much a lover of the fine arts to gratify the Cardinal's deſire, and therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to puniſh the offender. "If, ſaid he, the inſult had been laid in heaven, or the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redreſſed you, for I have ſomething to ſay in all theſe places, but I have no intereſt in hell."

Mr W——n, ſurgeon, of this town, was one day diſcourſing very learnedly, to an acquaintance, on his very ſucceſsful and peculiar mode of treating a varicoſe ſwelling in the leg of one of his patients; and, after mentioning moſt of the circumſtances, "then, ſaid he, I add ſeven feet of roller to his leg." "Do you ſo," replied the perſon preſent, "then I cannot but admire with how much ſecurity your patient muſt walk, having got ſo many *feet* to his *leg*."

The ſame Gentleman, after the concluſion of one of his anatomical lectures, (a courſe of which he delivers bienially) ſeeing ſome of his auditors examining curiouſly, or rather roughly, ſome of his wet preparations, ſtanding on the ſhelves in phials; thus addreſſed them: "Gentlemen, be careful not to do them any miſchief; for theſe *ſubjects* coſt me a deal of money yearly for ſpirits to keep them *alive*."—"A very good bull i' faith, Doctor, replied a perſon preſent.—It coſts you a deal of money yearly for ſpirits to keep *dead ſubjects alive!*"

The following is a ſtriking anecdote of the reputation Mr Cunningham, the celebrated paſtoral poet, had acquired in Edinburgh previous to his final departure in 1763. Mr Digges, (the celebrated Roſcius of the North), for the firſt time in his life undertook the character of Bayes, in the Rehearſal; and the part of Johnſon was allotted to Mr J. Aickin, now of Drury-lane theatre; as was that of Smith to Mr Cunningham. The reader may remember the liberty which Smith (who is ſuppoſed to be a gentleman of taſte, juſt arrived from the country, and an utter ſtranger to the ridiculous innovations which had been made by the wits of the age upon the rules of the drama) repeatedly takes of objecting to the plot, characters, &c. of Mr Bayes's piece. —In the comedy in queſtion, occaſional interpolations by the actors have been long allowed.—Prompted by a ſudden impulſe of friendſhip, Mr Aickin accordingly, while the crackbrained Bayes was venting forth to Smith the contempt he entertained for his criticiſms, pulled aſide the former, and thus, in character, addreſſed himſelf to him: "Take care, Mr Bayes, ſaid he, how you talk to my friend Mr Smith; he is himſelf a favourite of the Muſes, and has already produced ſeveral pieces, which are univerſally admired."—A numerous and polite audience acknowledged the truth of the compliment with three burſts of applauſe: poor Cunningham, at the ſame time, overpowered with aſtoniſhment, with gratitude, and with joy, remained upon the ſtage trembling, confounded, and almoſt diſabled from going on with his part;

while Mr Aickin enjoyed the heart-felt ſatisfaction of having paid a tribute of juſtice to the man he eſteemed.

New Patent or Perpetual-burning LAMPS; being a Diſcovery of the Lamp of the Ancients.

In a company of philoſophical Coblers, met on a convivial occaſion, the ſubject of diſcourſe chanced to turn upon lamps; and the lamp of the ancients, amongſt other patent lamps, came under their conſideration.—A novice in the philoſophic art, more remarkable for his forwardneſs than his knowledge—told the learned body, that he had diſcovered the method of making the *perpetual-burning lamp*, or lamp of the ancients.—On hearing this declaration, the whole fraternity were tranſported with aſtoniſhment and ſurpriſe.—After recovering a little from their amazement, a veteran of the ſtrap required him to explain himſelf;—(it being a rule of the ſociety, that no member thereof ſhould keep any diſcovery a ſecret from the reſt)—"Well, gentlemen, ſaid the Novitiate, my method is this:—*Take a clear quart bottle, fill it full of ſun-beams, cork and ſeal it up with great care and cloſeneſs; and thus you will have a lamp, without oil or cotton, which will burn night and day, without any trouble or expence.*"—A loud burſt of applauſe and approbation broke forth from the learned convocation, and with one voice they cried—"Young man! your fame and fortune are made for ever, if you can only procure a patent from his Majeſty."

When Dr Johnſon was firſt patronized by Lord Cheſterfield, which was at his Lordſhip's own particular requeſt, the Doctor called on him one morning, and being ſhown into an anti-chamber, either from the miſtake of the footman, or his Lordſhip's paying a preference to other company, the Doctor was left waiting there for two hours, without his Lordſhip's appearance. Johnſon, growing piqued at his neglect, abruptly left the houſe, and from that hour reſolved to break of all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, Lord Cheſterfield endeavoured all he could to regain Johnſon's friendſhip, by writing two eſſays in favour of his Dictionary in a periodical paper then publiſhing, called, "The World," as well as by other indirect ſolicitations; but all in vain: Johnſon was not only reſolved, but wrote his Lordſhip word ſo, in a very remarkable letter, wherein, with great dignity and philoſophic pride, he begged leave to be diſmiſſed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble lord met the Doctor in Dodſley's ſhop, who, beginning the converſation, aſked him how he could deſert a man who had been ſo *ſerviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as Lord Cheſterfield was? "Serviceable to me, my Lord!" ſays the Doctor, "in no reſpect whatſoever: I had been for years ſailing round the world of literature, and juſt as I was getting into the chops of the channel, his Lordſhip ſends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. No, no, my Lord Cheſterfield may be a *wit amongſt lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongſt wits*."

In the reign of the unfortunate monarch, whoſe abdication put a period to the regal honours of the houſe of Stuart, Dr Wallis was then Dean of Waterford, in Ireland; and, during the troubles of that unhappy country at that period, ſuffered greatly in his private fortune, from his ſtrong attachment to the Proteſtant faith. After peace was reſtored, and our religion firmly eſtabliſhed by the acceſſion of King William, Wallis was preſented to the court of London, as a gentleman who had well merited the royal patronage: the King had before heard the ſtory of his ſufferings, and therefore, immediately turning to the Dean, deſired him to chuſe any church-preferment then vacant. Wallis, (with all the modeſty incident to men of real worth) after a due acknowledgment of the royal favour, requeſted the Deanery of Derry. "How!" replied the King, in a tranſport of ſurpriſe, "aſk the Deanery, when you know the Biſhoprick of that very place is alſo vacant!" "True, my leige, replied Wallis, I do know it, but could not in honeſty demand ſo great a benefice; conſcious there are many other gentlemen who have ſuffered more than myſelf, and deſerved better at your Majeſty's hands: I therefore preſume to repeat my former requeſt." It is needleſs to add, his requeſt was granted. They parted: the Dean highly ſatisfied with his viſit, and the King aſtoniſhed at the noble diſintereſtedneſs he had juſt been a witneſs of. What a mind did this man poſſeſs! How praiſe-worthy! How laudable an example to his cloth! How different from the greedy pluraliſts of this age! How many of our dignified clergy can lay their hands

upon their hearts, and ſay, with the Dean of Derry, "I am ſatisfied!"

A certain Biſhop being at court, and obſerving a lady who was very corpulent, talking to the late Princeſs Dowager of Wales, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth, both of whom were utter ſtrangers to him, he addreſſed himſelf to the young gentleman with a very inſinuating air, and after ſome compliments, aſked him if he knew who that *fat ſow* was, who was in diſcourſe with her Royal Highneſs?—"Yes, my Lord," replied the youth with great modeſty, "that fat ſow is the Ambaſſadreſs of Sweden, and mother to the little pig, who has the honour to ſpeak to your Lordſhip."

When Mr S. the late Attorney G—— of Ireland, was ſtudying the law in the Temple his circumſtances were not the beſt in the world; he often tranſlated and ſcribbled for the bookſellers to ſupport a gentleman-like appearance; but, like Charles Surface, "Juſtice could not keep pace with his generoſity," and he was conſequently expoſed to the inſults and preſſure of many creditors. Among the reſt appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in ſuch a manner, that our good-hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions, to whom he would not refuſe admittance, he had a ſquare hole cut in the door, with a ſlider, and oppoſite to it he placed a looking-glaſs, in ſuch a ſituation, that on his ſervant's removing the ſlider, he could from a corner of the room ſee

who called on him, and gave his directions accordingly. A gentleman aſked our orator what was his reaſon for placing the glaſs in that ſituation? he archly replied, "That, Sir, is my *dun*-ometer."

When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) aſcended the papal chair, the ambaſſadors of the different ſtates waited on him with congratulations; when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewiſe; the maſter of the ceremonies told his holineſs, he ſhould not have returned their ſalute. "O, I cry you mercy," ſaid the good pontiff, I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the left-hand Baron, being detected ſome years ago at Bath, ſecreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their reſentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of ſtairs room, where they had been playing.—The Baron, meeting Foote ſome time after, was loudly complaining at this uſage, and aſked what he ſhould do: "Do," ſays the wit, "why it is a plain caſe; never play ſo *high* as long as you live."

The Duke of Newcaſtle, when prime miniſter, told the Rev. Mr Sterne, one day in converſation, "That men of wit were not fit to be employed, being incapable of buſineſs:" the wit replied, "They are not incapable, my Lord, but above it; a ſprightly generous horſe is able

to carry a pack-ſaddle as well an *aſs*, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

As the late Lord Digby was univerſally acknowledged to have been a miracle of nature, a *rara avis*, from the many great and good qualities he poſſeſſed, we are tempted to lay before our readers the following intereſting anecdote of his lordſhip, as related by Mrs Bellamy.

"Lord Digby came often to Parliament-ſtreet; and, as I had by this means an opportunity of obſerving his conduct, I could not help remarking a ſingular alteration in his demeanour and dreſs, which took place during the great feſtivals. At Chriſtmas and Eaſter he was more than uſually grave, and then always had on an old ſhabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude, that it was ſome affair of the heart which cauſed this periodical ſingularity. And this was no improbable ſuppoſition.

"Mr Fox, who had great curioſity, wiſhed much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as, in general, he was eſteemed more than a well-dreſſed man. Upon his expreſſing an inclination to that purpoſe, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordſhip's motions. They accordingly ſet out; and, obſerving him to go towards St George's fields, they followed him at a diſtance, till they loſt ſight of him near the Marſhalſea priſon.

"Wondering what could carry a perſon of his lordſhip's rank and fortune to ſuch a place, they enquired of the turnkey, if a gentleman, deſcri-

bing him, had not entered the priſon. "Yes, Maſters!" exclaimed the fellow, with an oath, "but he is not a man; he is an angel: for he comes here twice a year, ſometimes oftener, and ſets a number of priſoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them ſufficient to ſupport themſelves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary viſits. He has but a few to take out to-day."—"Do you know who the gentleman is?" enquired the major.—"We none of us know him by any other marks, replied the man, but his humanity, and his blue coat."

"The gentlemen, having gained this intelligence, immediately returned, and gave an account of it to Mr Fox. As no man poſſeſſed more humanity than the ſecretary at war, the recital afforded him exquiſite pleaſure. But fearing his nephew might be diſpleaſed at the illicit manner in which the information had been obtained, he requeſted that we would keep the knowledge of it a profound ſecret.

"I could not reſiſt my curioſity of making further enquiries relative to an affair from which I reaped ſo much ſatisfaction. I, accordingly, the next time his lordſhip had his alms-giving coat on, aſked him what occaſioned his wearing that ſingular dreſs? With a ſmile of ineffable ſweetneſs, he told me, that my curioſity ſhould ſoon be gratified; for, as we were *congenial ſouls*, he would take me with him when he next viſited the place to which his coat was adapted—A compliment more truly flattering, and more acceptable to *me*, than *any* I ever had, or could receive.

"The night before his intended viſit, his lordſhip requeſted that I would be in readineſs to go with him the next morning. We then went together to that receptacle of miſery which he had viſited to the conſolation of its inhabitants. His lordſhip would not ſuffer me to enter the gate, leſt the noiſomeneſs of the place ſhould prove diſagreeable to me; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George-inn, in the borough, where a dinner was provided for the happy wretches he was about to liberate. Here I had the pleaſure of ſeeing near thirty perſons reſcued from the jaws of a loathſome priſon, at an inclement ſeaſon of the year, it being Chriſtmas; and not only releaſed from their confinement, but reſtored to their families and friends, with ſome proviſion from his lordſhip's bounty for their immediate ſupport. I will not pretend to deſcribe the grateful tribute his lordſhip received upon the occaſion from the band he had juſt ſet free; nor the ſatisfaction he reaped from the generous deed.

"How ſhall I tell the ſequel of the tale!—But it muſt be told.—Yet whilſt I do it, I am almoſt ready to accuſe Heaven of unkindneſs in untimely cutting off ſo fair, ſo ſweet a flower, the pride of the Engliſh garden. His lordſhip went, ſome few months after theſe beneficent acts, to viſit his eſtates in Ireland; where being obliged, by the miſtaken hoſpitality of the country, to drink more than he was accuſtomed to do, and that at a time when he was indiſpoſed from a violent cold; a fever, attended with a putrid ſore-throat, was the fatal conſequence. And—*drop not thou ſelfiſh tear!*—my amiable young friend was

removed to thoſe realms, where alone his expanded heart could find its benevolent propenſities indulged and rewarded."

The Khalif Haroun Arriſhed was accoſted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his ſoldiers had pillaged her houſe, and laid waſte her grounds. The Khalif deſired her to recollect the words of the Alcoran: "That when princes go forth to battle, the people, through whoſe fields they paſs, muſt ſuffer."—"Yes," ſays the woman, "but it is alſo written in the ſame book, that the habitations of thoſe princes, who authoriſe injuſtice, ſhall be made deſolate." This bold and juſt reply had a powerful effect upon the Khalif; who ordered immediate reparation to be made.

A gentleman, who was much given to punning upon names, meeting with an acquaintance of the name of Swan—addreſſed him with all the warmth of vocal friendſhip; and ſaid, "I can never be without one in whom I can truſt, as long as I have that bird, called a *ſwan*, to confide in."——"What! Sir," retorted the other with much acridity, "and not be a *gooſe* for your confidence?"

A perſon, who was very fond of retailing the ſentiments of others as his own, ſaid (ſpeaking of loquacity) that "that man muſt ſurely be a fool, who has not wiſdom enough to ſpeak well, nor judgment enough to hold his tongue."—"That is an excellent thought!" remarked one preſent, "from whom have you *borrowed* it; for

I hardly think you capable of producing ſo pertinent a ſentiment of your own."—"I aſſure you," reſumed the plagiariſt, "that it is my *own*."—O! you need not doubt that, Sir," replied a wit preſent, "for every thing this gentleman *borrows* he is ſure to make his *own*."

The famous Dr Galloway, who is no leſs remarkable for his wonderful cures, than for his having left no room for improvement in medicine, paſſing along the ſtreet, a young man ſhouted after him, "Dr Horſe! Dr Horſe! Dr Horſe!"—At this the Doctor turned round, and ſaid, "Is it me you want?—my name is Galloway, and not Horſe."—"Why," replied the wag, "what difference is there between a *Horſe* and a *Galloway*?"

Ariſtotle was met in the ſtreet one day by a very talkative perſon, who told him many impertinent ſtories, and concluded every one with this inſignificant ſentence: *and is not that a very great wonder*. "Not at all!" replied the Philoſopher; "but if a man ſhould ſtand ſtill to hear you prate at this rate, who has two legs to run away, it would be a *wonder* indeed!"

A gentleman, going into a ſhoemaker's ſhop, whoſe name was Braſs, ſaid to him, "Well, Mr Copper, I want a pair of ſhoes, if you have any to fit me."—"I will try, Sir," replied the Shoemaker; "but I beg leave to inform you of your miſtake: my name is Braſs, not Copper."—"O! no miſtake at all;" ſaid the gentleman, "for *Braſs* is only a compound of *Copper* and *Calaminaris*."

EPIGRAMS, TALES, &c.

EPITAPH,

On an old HAWKER found dead on the highway.

JOHN Sherry lies here, whoſe fixed abode
Was no where before, for he liv'd on the road;
And when grown in age, ſcarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and fell faſt aſleep:
But ſome of his friends ſoon found his miſhap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his nap.

An EPIGRAM,

On the PHYSICIAN and LAWYER.

In conteſt convivial, it was warmly diſputed
Which for miſchief to mankind was moſtly reputed,
The Phyſician or Lawyer?—Said a wag, "I muſt own,
The leaſt is received from the gents of the gown;
But the Doctor to mankind a very great curſe is;
For he *phyſics* not only our *bodies* but *purſes*."

FROM the FRENCH.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That every fool is not a poet.

On Marriage.—From the French.

In ſpite of old Rome, and her roguiſh tricks,
Of ſacraments ſeven we allow but of ſix;
For no perſon, with juſtice, but ſurely muſt own,
That *repentance* † and *marriage* are ever but *one*.

Basting the Goose.

Says Barb'ra to Bobby—who ſtood by the fire,
" Pray, *baſte* the gooſe, Bobby, I do you deſire."
Says Bobby to Barb'ra, " Were I not ſo ſilly,
I'd leave this dead creature, and *baſte* the *gooſe* Willy

The Inconsistent Preacher.

Preach-all or *Teach-all* on Sunday declaims
'Gainſt vices and crimes of the very worſt names;
Yet how ſtrange is his conduct! on week-days, he teaches
The very ſame vices againſt which he preaches!

The Orator.

A Pit—a Burke—a Sheridan—
In learned ſpeeches ſhine,
With eloquence enoble man,
And raiſe him near divine.
For ſpeaking wiſely they may boaſt
Amid the ſenate throng;
But T——n ſhews his wiſdom moſt,
When ſilence chains his tongue.

The Irreverent Beau.

On Sundays, at chapel, it is very common
For a Beau (whoſe gender's allow'd to be *no man*)

† *Repentance* here ſtands for *penance*, one of the ſeven ſacraments of the Romiſh church.

To come late to ſervice—to make people ſtare—
And trouble around him thoſe kneeling at pray'r;
But what above all does us chiefly ſurpriſe,
That ſo *light* a *being* ſhould make ſuch a *noiſe!!*

The Universal Writer.

Attempt-all his knowledge in all things rehearſes,
Writes eſſays, writes ſongs, and other ſuch verſes;
Yet how monſtrouſly ſtrange is the truth, when I tell,
On *all* things he writes, but on *nothing* writes well!

Tom and the Parish-Curate.

Upon ſome haſty errand Tom was ſent,
And met his Pariſh-curate as he went;
But, juſt like what he was, a ſorry clown,
It ſeems he paſt him with a cover'd crown.
The gown-man ſtopp'd; and, turning, ſternly ſaid
"I doubt, my lad, you're far worſe taught than fed!"——
"Why, aye! ſays Tom, ſtill jogging on, that's true:
Thank God, he feeds me! but I'm taught by you."

Dr Lotion.

When Doctor Lotion firſt began
To practice on the frame of man,
He bore but humble ſway;
Each morn his hoſpitable door
Was open, gratis, to the poor,
'Twas then—"No cure, no pay."

At length, with cane and pond'rous wig,
The doctor ſtruts, a perfect prig,
In eminence ſecure;

The former ſyſtem quite derang'd,
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd,
'Tis now—"No pay, no cure."

On a Spendthrift.

Stop, paſſenger! for here is laid,
One who the debt of nature paid.
"This is not ſtrange!" the reader cries:
"We all know, here a dead man lies!"
You're right!—But ſtop, I'll tell you more,
He never paid a debt before:
And, now he's gone, I'll farther ſay,
He never will another pay.

Two Singers.

Two ſingers were oft in contention quite warm,
Which moſt, when they tun'd up their wind-pipes, could charm:
To a maſter of muſic they jointly applied,
This often-conteſted affair to decide.
They quaver'd; they ſhak'd; and ſuch graces were ſhewn,
That each took for granted the prize was his own.
'Indeed, my good friend, cries the judge, to the firſt,
Of all earthly ſingers, I think *you're the worſt*:
But as for you friend, (turning round to the other)
You can't ſing at all—ſo muſt yield to your brother.'

Regnier's Epitaph.

Gayly I liv'd, as eaſe and nature taught,
And ſpent my little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

EPIGRAM.

Says Harry to Dick, "Come, be of good cheer?
"The Miniſtry ſoon will be *changed*, I hear."
—"Good news!" replies Dick, "but it better would be
"If in *chang'd* you could fairly omit letter C."

EPITAPH on a SAILOR.

Beneath this briar-inveſted grave,
Repoſe the limbs of Jack the brave;
Who many a cann of liquor quaff'd,
Before he launch'd his brittle raft;
And many an adverſe tempeſt bore,
Ere yet he reach'd the farther ſhore.
But now no more he ſhifts the ſail,
To ſtrive with fortune's fickle gale;
Nor gold, nor ſlip, invites his ſoul,
To paſs the line, or reach the pole;
For, moor'd in Death's calm tranquil bay,
He peaceful ſleeps till Judgment-day.

EPIGRAM on LEONI.

One night, at the theatre, as Lucy and Bet,
In cloſe converſation, together were ſet;
Fam'd Leoni, moſt ſweetly, in ſtile wondrous charming,
An air, melting, ſung, of love ſoft alarming;
"Such taſte, voice and judgment, and exquiſite parts!"
Cry'd th' enamour'd Miſs Lucy, "ſoon reaches our hearts."——
"His taſte, voice and judgment, ſaid Betty, I own
But *parts*,—my dear Lucy, they ſay—he has none."

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

It happen'd, in a healthful year
(Which made proviſion very dear,
And phyſic mighty cheap;)
A doctor, ſore oppreſs'd with want,
On buſineſs turning out ſo ſcant,
Was one day ſeen to weep.

A neighbour aſk'd him why ſo ſad,
And hop'd no dangerous illneſs had
To any friend befel;
"O Lord! you quite miſtake the caſe!
(Quoth Bliſter) Sir, this rueful face
"Is—'cauſe my friends are well."

ROCHESTER'S GRACE at a MISER'S TABLE.

Thanks for this miracle! It is no leſs
Than manna dropping in the wilderneſs.
Chimnies have ſmok'd that never ſmok'd before,
And we have din'd where we ſhall dine no more.

SEARCH-ALL.—A TALE.

Search-all—an Officer of Exciſe,
To catch all ſeizures careful tries;
One night, as he patroll'd his round,
A ſervant girl with burthen found.—
"My dear,"——he thus addreſt the maid,
"What's this beneath your apron laid?
"Some ſmuggl'd goods, no doubt!" he cry'd,
"Which you from ſight ſo careful hide!"
"What's that," reply'd the maid, "to thee?
"For what I've hid you ſhall not ſee."
This only ſerv'd, as rapid fire,
To raiſe his curious ſoul the higher.

"I ſhall," he ſaid—"You ſhan't" ſhe cry'd.
"I ſhall," he ſwore, "whate'er betide!"
So he—whilſt in this curious fit—
Full high his elbows thruſt in ſh—t!
But who can paint his great ſupriſe!
What ſcents his noſe!—what feaſts his eyes!
Amazement nearly ſtruck him dumb:
Nor found he tea! nor gin! nor rum!——
As Madam Fortune this would have,
(For yet we can't the ſtory wave)
Maid Betty, at the evening's cloſe,
To empty cloſe-ſtool wiſely choſe;
And, as his ſtars wou'd have't no better,
With cloſe-ſtool burthen'd, *Search-all* met her.
But don't you think him well befit?
Who ſearches *all*, muſt ſure find ſh—t.

EPIGRAM.

Said buxom Joan, to huſband Dick,
"If man and wife one creature be,
"To cuckold you's a loving trick,
"Since you the pleaſure ſhare with me!"—
"You're right, ſaid Dick, and twig of tree
"About her ſides with vigour flew:
"Since you the pleaſure ſhare mith me,
"I'll kindly ſhare the pain with you."

The COMBAT: or RED, BLACK, and WHITE.

A Chimney-ſweep and Baker went to fight;
The Baker beat the Chimney-ſweeper white:
The Chimney-ſweep, tho' laid upon his back,
Took wind, and quickly beat the Baker black.
In came a Brickduſt-man, with porter fed,
And beat both Chimney-ſweep and Baker red.
Thus, red, black, white, in clouds together lay,
And none could tell which party had the day.

The LEARNED DANCER.

Your wiſe men may boaſt of their learning and knowledge,
Their lumber of books and acquirements at college:
In their *head* lies their wiſdom!—but, for once, here we meet
Young Prancewell—whoſe wiſdom lies all in his *feet!*

The JEW and CHRISTIAN.

As a Jew, who was blind, or (as others ſay) drunk,
On his way to the coffee-houſe fumbled;
To the chin, by miſhap, in the quagmire he ſunk;
There ſtuck, and in Arabic grumbled.

A Chriſtian, who ſaw the poor devil in limbo,
Would have drawn him from thence like a trout;
But Moſes replied, with his arms ſet a kimbo,
"'Tis the Sabbath, I muſt not come out."

Next morn, as the Chriſtian was paſſing again,
The Jew his aſſiſtance entreating,
Cry'd, "Now if you'll help me, I'll anſwer Amen;
"For, by Moloch, I'm ſadly beſh—ten!"

"Thy Sabbath in filth thou haſt kept, ſilly Jew!
(The Chriſtian made anſwer in mirth)
"There celebrate mine." Thus he bade him adieu,
And wiſh'd him much joy of his birth.

CONCLUSION.

Ye wits, we now our jeſting end;
All beings to concluſion tend;
Be ſerious then—nor think I pun—
For be aſſur'd, that Death's no *fun!*

FINIS.